No. 130 Oct. '69

MAD

OUR PRICE 35¢ CHEAP

os 26
ew 11
sey 10
t .....
ARTMENT
te .....
e Scenes At
MENT
.....
T
gs Of Reader Mail
EPARTMENT
s" By Aragonés
PARTMENT
A Nobody When .....
TMENT
Mo e Satire) 43
.....24
..... 8
NT
Satire) 18
reads To The Comics 4
Halting The Hijacking Of Planes 31
Various Places Around The Magazine

ON VACATION! BACK ON COVER IN TWO WEEKS! ALFRED

LAND OF

need
ou?

THE L
SIDE
SUMM
JOB
Pg

THE MAD BOOK OF ETIQUET
Pg. 34

Pg

, Vol. 1, No. 130 is published monthly except February, May, August and November, ions, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at Subscriptions: In the U.S.A., 17 issues, $5.00. Outside U.S.A., 17 issues $6.25. Allow ange of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1969 by E. C. Publica- Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters AD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a a coincidence.
Printed in U.S.A.

THE NIGHTMARE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

WRITER: AL JAFFEE

NUMBER 130 OCTOBER 1969

MAD

"Golf and Success are very similar: you strive to get to the green . . . and then you're in the hole!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

JOHN PUTNAM *art director* LEONARD BRENNER *production*
JERRY De FUCCIO, NICK MEGLIN *associate editors*
JACK ALBERT *lawsuits*
GLORIA ORLANDO, CELIA MORELLI, JOAN ZECCA,
CURTIS ANDERSON *subscriptions*
CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

DEPARTMENTS

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT
The Lighter Side of Summer Jobs 26

BRAWLS OF IVY DEPARTMENT
MAD's 1969 College Riot Preview 11

DON MARTIN DEPARTMENT
While Clamming In New Jersey 10
One Night In A Restaurant 33

GOOD CONDUCT RIBBIN' DEPARTMENT
The MAD Book Of Etiquette 34

INSIDE-OUCH DEPARTMENT
A MAD Peek Behind The Scenes At The Pentagon 40

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT
Spy Vs. Spy 42

LETTERS DEPARTMENT
Random Samplings Of Reader Mail 2

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT
"Drawn-Out Dramas" By Aragonés ..... **

MISTAKEN NONENTITY DEPARTMENT
You Know You're Really A Nobody When 16

NAZI, NAZI, BANG-BANG DEPARTMENT
Where Vultures Fare (A MAD Movie Satire) 43

PEST ASIDE DEPARTMENT
What Is A Kid Brother? 24

PILOT ERROR DEPARTMENT
TV Shows That Didn't Make It 8

SHORT END OF THE SCHTICK DEPARTMENT
Land Of The Giant Bores (A MAD TV Satire) 18

STRIP TEASER DEPARTMENT
If This "Nudity" Trend Ever Spreads To The Comics 4

UP, UP AND OLÉ DEPARTMENT
The MAD Plan For Halting The Hijacking Of Planes 31

**Various Places Around The Magazine

MAD—Oct., 1969, Vol. 1, No. 130 is published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y. Subscriptions: in the U.S.A., 17 issues, $5.00. Outside U.S.A., 17 issues $6.25. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective. Entire contents copyright © 1969 by E. C. Publications, Inc. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all **MAD** fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

VITAL FEATURES

IF THIS "NUDITY" TREND EVER SPREADS TO THE COMICS Pg. 4

MAD'S 1969 COLLEGE RIOT PREVIEW Pg. 11

LAND OF THE GIANT BORES (TELEVISION) Pg. 18

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF SUMMER JOBS Pg. 26

THE MAD BOOK OF ETIQUETTE Pg. 34

WHERE VULTURES FARE (MOVIE) Pg. 43

IF YOU ENJOY SHELF ABUSE

FILL IT WITH ANY OR ALL

FORTY MAD PAPERBACK BOOKS

**ON SALE AT ALL BOOKSTANDS—
OR YOURS BY MAIL FOR 60¢ EACH**

----- use coupon or duplicate -------

MAD
485 MADison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

PLEASE SEND ME

- ☐ The MAD Reader
- ☐ MAD Strikes Back
- ☐ Inside MAD
- ☐ Utterly MAD
- ☐ The Brothers MAD
- ☐ The Bedside MAD
- ☐ Son of MAD
- ☐ The Organization MAD
- ☐ Like MAD
- ☐ The Ides of MAD
- ☐ Fighting MAD
- ☐ The MAD Frontier
- ☐ MAD in Orbit
- ☐ The Voodoo MAD
- ☐ Greasy MAD Stuff
- ☐ Three Ring MAD
- ☐ Self-Made MAD
- ☐ The MAD Sampler
- ☐ World, World, etc. MAD
- ☐ Raving MAD
- ☐ Boiling MAD
- ☐ Questionable MAD
- ☐ Howling MAD
- ☐ The Indigestible MAD
- ☐ Burning MAD
- ☐ Good 'n' MAD
- ☐ DON MARTIN Steps Out
- ☐ DON MARTIN Bounces Back
- ☐ DON MARTIN Drops 13 Stories
- ☐ MAD's Captain Klutz
- ☐ DON MARTIN Cooks Up More Tales
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at the USA
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at People
- ☐ DAVE BERG Looks at Things
- ☐ The All-New SPY vs. SPY
- ☐ SPY vs. SPY Follow-Up File
- ☐ A MAD Look at Old Movies
- ☐ AL JAFFEE's Snappy Answers
- ☐ "Viva MAD!"
- ☐ MAD for Better or Verse

I ENCLOSE 60¢ FOR EACH
(Minimum Order: 2 Books)

NAME _____

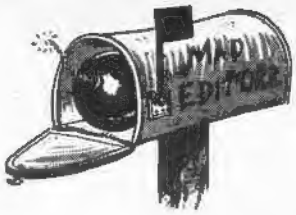
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP-CODE _____
AN ABSOLUTE MUST

We cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails. Check or Money Order preferred! On orders Outside the U.S.A. be sure to add 10% Extra!

LETTERS DEPT.



THE GURU OF OURS

Well, you've done it again! "The Guru of Ours", your satire of "The Wizard of Oz" (MAD #128) was so funny, I fell off the toilet laughing. Three cheers for Mort Drucker, Frank Jacobs, and the whole MAD staff for another fantastic job.

Seth Cohen
W. Peabody, Mass.

How you guys can have the guts to publish a satire on such a great motion picture classic as "The Wizard of Oz" I will never know, but I think you will pay for it dearly. It is the worst satire you chowderheads have put out in years!

Charles Githler
Rochester, N.Y.

. . . the best thing you've done since "The Sound of Money"!

Matthew Hemberger
Tenafly, N.J.

I had to hold my breath while reading "The Guru of Ours" because it stunk so bad.

Darryl Ludwikowski
Milwaukee, Wisc.

. . . an ingenious satire of that over-re-run bromide, "The Wizard of Oz"!

Oscar Jones
Washington, D.C.

A real smash! One of the Guru-viest things I've read in a long time.

Paul Brown
Columbus, Ohio

For all of us who have practically memorized the script of "The Wizard of Oz" through the medium of repetitive television, thank you for a refreshing re-write.

William Reyer
Saint Paul, Minn.

"The Guru of Ours" was a delightful demonstration of the direction our whole society is going . . . mainly, to Pot!

Richard Doppelt
Wilmette, Ill.

I never liked "The Wizard of Oz" anyway!

Phil Zywocinski
Middletown, Conn.

TWO COLLEGE GENERATIONS

All I can say is a hearty "Yahoo". Finally, a group of grownups are mature enough to point out the ridiculousness of their own generation as well as today's. I'm refering, of course, to "A MAD Look At Two College Generations" in MAD #128. Most adults tend to forget just how "crazy" they were themselves.

Paul Sobolik
Mount Tabor, N.J.

Your "MAD Look At Two College Generations" was outstanding . . . another blow against grossness, mediocrity and the so-called "good life".

Pvt. Art Waggoner
Ft. Monmouth, N.J.

In your view of the typical college generation of 1949, you have captured the essence of Albion College, 1969.

Bette Jo Parliament
Jane Robinson
Albion, Mich.

How do you do it? "A MAD Look At Two College Generations" was the funniest bit since Nixon presented his new cabinet. I have just completed my fourth year at the University of Tulsa, which this year graduated its class of '49.

David Batterson
Sand Springs, Okla.

HAWK'S-EYE VIEW OF THE U. S.

Thanks, you wonderful All-American boys, for contributing to the cause of patriotism with "A Hawk's-Eye View Of The United States". It was an inspiring exhibition of courage to stand up for your country like that. Keep up the good work —and Ho sends his love.

"Uncle Sam" McCulloch
Birmingham, Ala.

Your "Hawk's-Eye View Of The United States" left something to be desired . . . Peace!

Clif Barnes
Longmeadow, Mass.

YOU'RE REALLY OVERWEIGHT WHEN

I thoroughly enjoyed "You Know You're Really Overweight When . . ." but Jack Kent left out the plight of fat children. Like: "You know you're really overweight when nobody will see-saw with you!"

Cindy Smith
Southport, Conn.

You know you're really overweight when the tires pop as you get on your bike!

Jim Hober
Covered Bridge, Dela.

You know you're really overweight when you read a MAD article called "You Know You're Really Overweight When . . ." and you don't think it's very funny!

Terri Learman
Milwaukee, Wisc.

MAD'S NATURE STUDY GUIDE

Your "MAD Nature Study Guide" was excellent, except that it neglected to include one item which is America's greatest threat: THE MADGOTZINE (*Infectious Humorous*). This, the dealiest of all creatures, assumes the form of an innocent-looking periodical, and through this deceptive appearance, manages to gain entrance into millions of homes where it immediately goes to work on its victims by deteriorating their brains with a strange poison known as satirical humor. The victims either die laughing or suffer from a sense of humor mutilated beyond repair. And if you are smiling at this description, the creature has already got you!

Reid Pollack
Oak Park, Mich.

Insulting, sneering, childish, witty, clever, and thoroughly stimulating . . . "A MAD Nature Study Guide" has to be the best article you have ever run. My congratulations to Max Brandel and Frank Jacobs for creating such an inventive and entertaining piece.

Katy Cacek
Custer, S. D.

A PEEK BEHIND THE SCENES

"A MAD Peek Behind The Scenes At A Laundry And Dry Cleaners" was awful . . . because it gave our local laundry and dry cleaners five new ways to harrass us!

Michael Platner
Dalton, Ga.

PROTEST NEWSPAPER STORY

MAD's "All-Inclusive Do-It-Yourself Protest Newspaper Story" was a classic! I thoroughly enjoyed all eight trillion, nine hundred and sixteen billion, one one hundred million, four hundred and forty eight thousand, two hundred and fifty six (8,916,100,448,256) possibilities. Even with microfilm, no publication could record that many typical "Protest Articles" in the space that MAD recorded them.

Danny Peele
Bear Grass, N.C.

I was prompted to write upon reading your "Do-It-Yourself Protest Newspaper Story". I strongly agree that the amount of such news of protests *ad nauseam* has not only sickened most of us, but served to exaggerate their importance. Since it is the mass media that is highlighting this idiocy, it is good to see one mass magazine, namely MAD, clarifying the picture in its own inimitable style.

Gretchen Foster
Urbana, Ill.

Of the nearly 9 trillion possibilities, I think combination #1,978,756,551,675 was the funniest!

Carter Fletcher
Gideon, Mo.

Please address all correspondence to:
MAD, Dept. 130, 485 MADison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

WHY NOT HAVE THE NEXT ISSUE SENT DIRECTLY TO YOUR HOME?

SUBSCRIBE TO MAD

use coupon or duplicate

MAD
485 MADison Avenue,
New York, N. Y. 10022

I enclose $5.00*. Enter my name on your subscription list, and mail me the next 17 issues of MAD Magazine.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ Zip-Code _____
An Absolute Must!

*In Canada, $5.00 in U.S. Funds, payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Outside the U.S.A. and Canada, $6.25, payable by International Money Order or Check drawn on a U.S.A. Bank. Allow 10 weeks for subscription to be processed. We cannot be responsible for cash lost or stolen in the mails, so CHECK OR MONEY ORDER PREFERRED!

GIANT GIVEAWAY

Yep, we will give away one of these pictures of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid, to any giant who shows up at our offices. As for normal-size people, these full-color portraits—suitable for framing or for training puppies—are still 25¢ for 1, 50¢ for 3, $1.00 for 9, $2.00 for 27 and $4.00 for 81! Mail money to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, New York, New York 10022

STRIP TEASER DEPT.

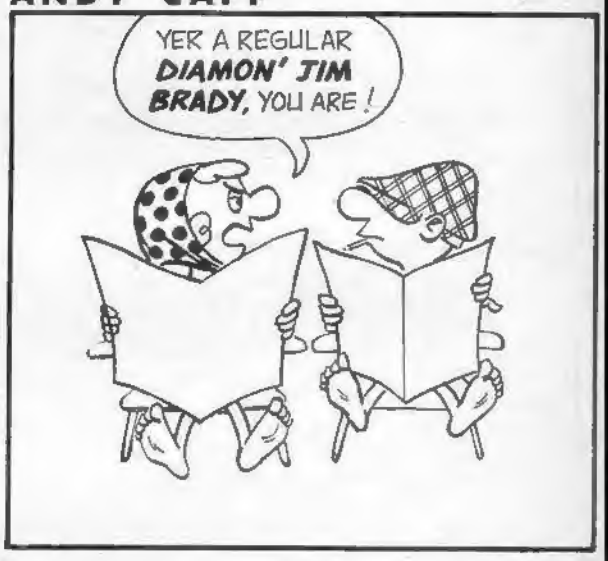
In order to stimulate interest and insure Box Office success, Hollywood has taken to featuring "Nude Scenes" in many of its movies. In fact, some of our biggest stars have appeared in the altogether recently. Paul Newman did it in "Cool Hand Luke," Charlton Heston did it in "Planet Of The Apes," Elizabeth Taylor did it in "Reflections In A Golden Eye," Mia Farrow did it in "Rosemary's Baby" and Jane Fonda did it in practically every movie she's ever made. As with all good ideas, we feel that it won't be long before this attempt to stimulate interest by the use of "Nude Scenes" is carried over into other fields. So here's what it might be like:

IF THIS "NUDITY" TREND IN MOVIES EVER SPREADS TO THE COMICS

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

PEANUTS

ANDY CAPP



BEETLE BAILEY

IS THE NEW KID A BOY OR A GIRL?
GOOD GRIEF! I DON'T KNOW!

HE WASN'T WEARING ANY CLOTHES!

WILL YER QUIT YER GRIPIN'! YOU WANTED TO GO ON A 'OLIDAY, AN' 'ERE WE ARE!
RACING FORM

SOME 'OLIDAY! TAKIN' ME TO A NUDIST CAMP SO YER WOULDN'T HAFTA BUY ME ANY NEW VACATION CLOTHES!

THE JOB'S ALL DONE, SIR!
THANK YOU, SERGEANT!

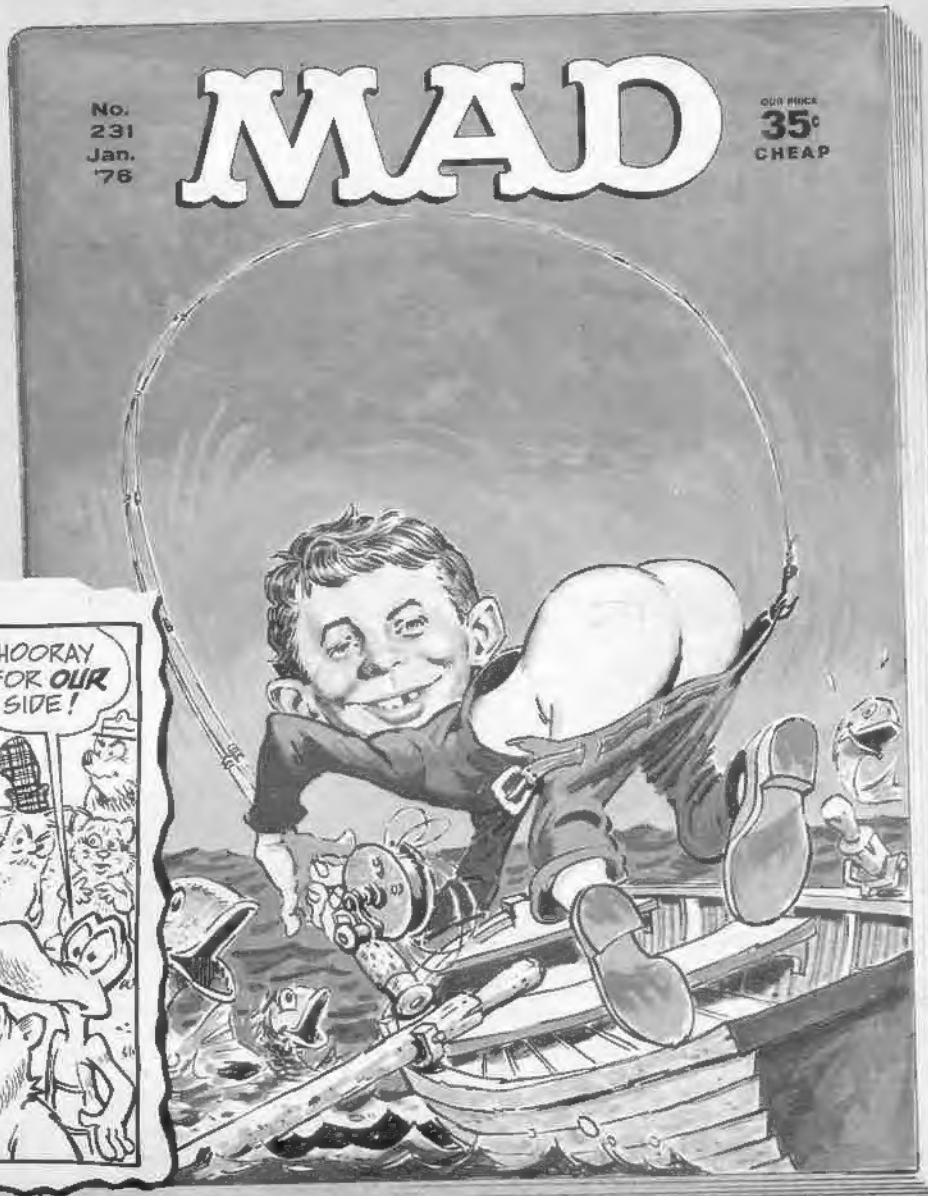
♪ON THE ROAD TO♪ ♪MANDALAAAY...♪
YOU CLOWNS! YOU PUT THE GLASS IN BACKWARDS!!

DICK TRACY

POPEYE

POGO

AND IF THIS "NUDITY TREND" CONTINUES, WHO KNOWS? YOU MAY EVEN BE SEEING THIS:



PILOT ERROR DEPT.

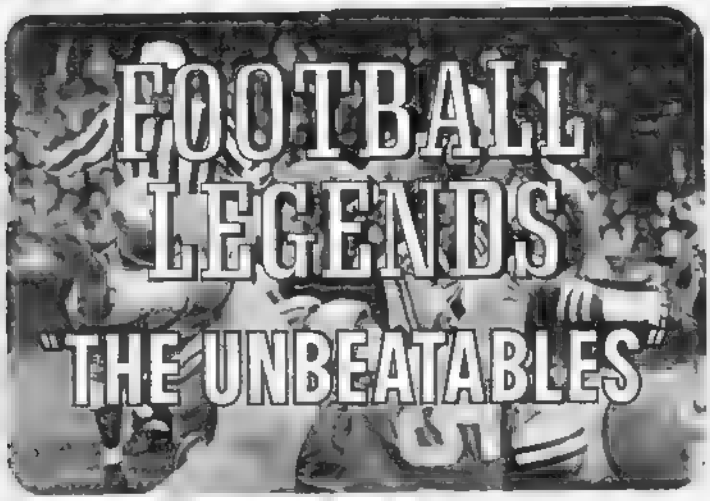
If you watch television, you've probably asked yourself, "How do such idiotic programs get on the air?" Well, we have news for you: There are plenty of shows that don't get on the air! And it's not because they're any more

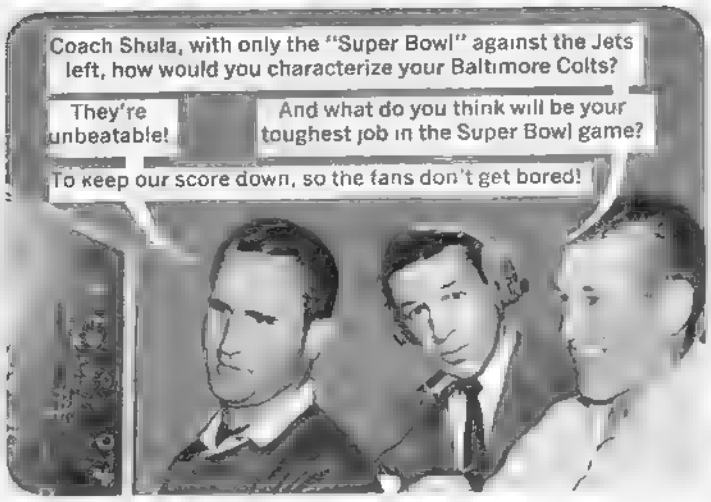
TELEVISION SHOWS

WRITER: STAN HART

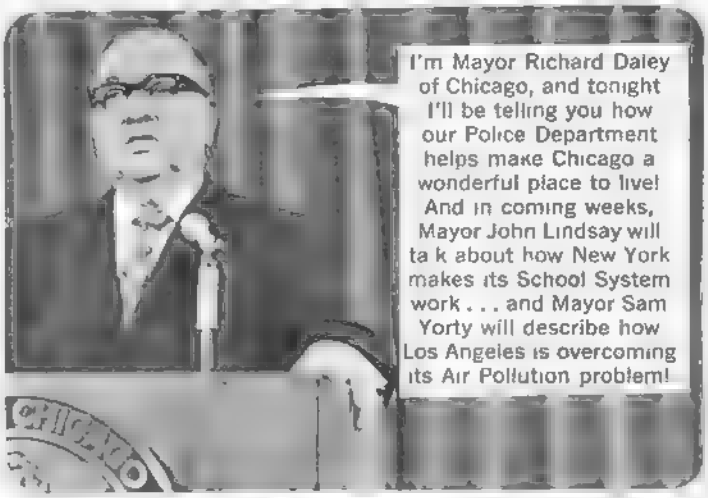
idiotic . . . they couldn't be! . . . it's just that between the time they're created and the time they're supposed to be shown, things change! What kinds of things? Well, if we told you, you wouldn't be interested in these . . .

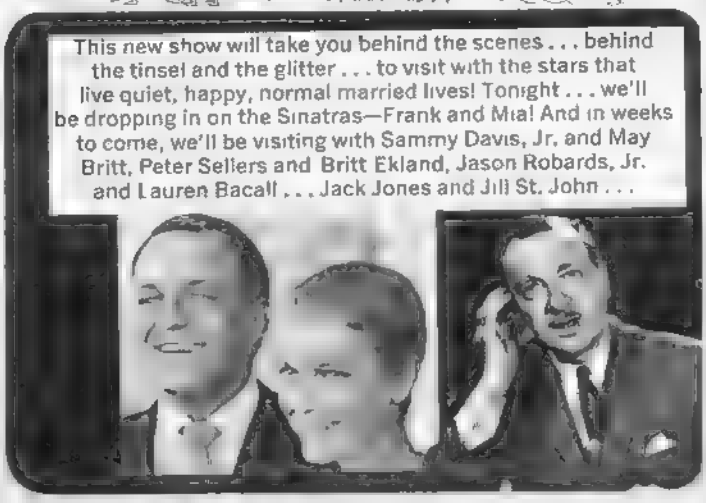
THAT DIDN'T MAKE IT





PHOTOS BY W DE WORLD U P I & D P I





DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

WHILE CLAMMING IN NEW JERSEY

BRAWLS OF IVY DEPT.

Soon it will be Autumn, and once again the stately Halls of Ivy on Campuses throughout the land will rock to the shouts and excitement of a new season. Once again, the crowds will roar as body meets body in the crunching, crashing spectacle of Collegiate Competition. What will the new season offer? Which colleges will field the most determined squads? Which stars will give the most thrilling performances? Now, let us take a good look at the prospects as we present . . .

MAD'S 1969 COLLEGE RIOT PREVIEW

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

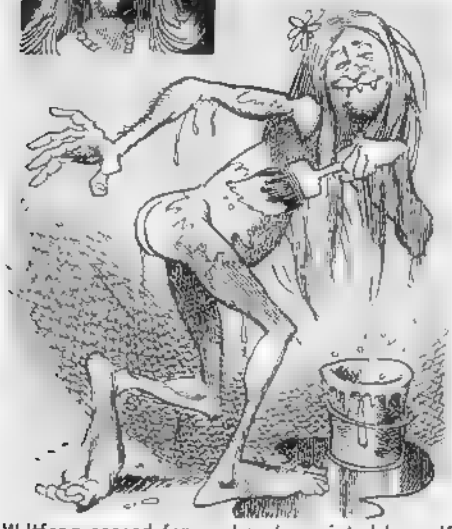
MAD'S CHOICES FOR 1969 "TOP TEN"

SCHOOL	COLORS	COMMENTS
1. Columbia	Screaming Pink	Awesome, due to its incredibly offensive line, which cannot be repeated in a family magazine.
2. California at Berkeley	Angry Red	12 deep in all positions, capable of destroying any opposition, including President, Deans, Trustees, Faculty and political career of Governor Reagan.
3. San Francisco State	Scorched Earth	Success will depend on achievement of team's two great ends 1 Taking over campus, and 2 Replacing Dean.
4. Howard	Black on Black	Morale a factor here If team can catch fire, so will Campus.
5. New York University	Bruised Flesh	Dazzling quick-openers could bust through opposing guards, unless guards bust team first
6. Wisconsin	Foggy	Hopes are high. So is team.
7. University of Chicago	Spilled Crimson	Team balance a problem here! There are 81 Quarterbacks and no line.
8. Brandeis	Off-Color Blue	Offense is dynamite, capable of blasting open big holes.
9. Duke	Livid Purple	New radical shift can sweep team left toward goal, namely anarchy.
10. Notre Dame	Blue and Gold	Will field its usual powerful team again this year . for football!

1969 OFFENSIVE STARS TO WATCH

DUSTIN WILTFANG

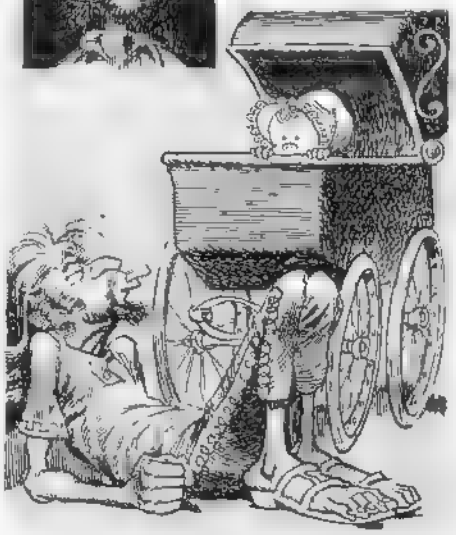
Riot Leader
Northwestern



Wiltfang earned fame when he painted himself blue during a "Filth-In" at Northwestern last year protesting U.S. Policy in South Dakota. A founder of LOVE (League to Obliterate the Vile Establishment), he forced the faculty to set up three new graduate schools . . . one for Eskimos, and two for minority groups yet to be discovered. After graduation, Wiltfang hopes to join the Viet Cong and turn "Pro."

STACY "ZAP" FLIT

Martyr
New York University



Flit's body still bears wheel marks sustained last year when he lay down in front of a baby carriage to protest "Legitimacy." Named "The Rioter of the Year" by **Ramparts** for chaining himself to the Dean of Women, he won freedom after promising amnesty to faculty members. A devout atheist, Flit believes students should never resort to peaceful negotiations until all avenues of violence have been explored.

ZEB ESTERHAZY

Instigator
Columbia

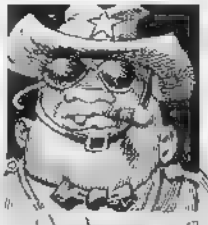
Six-foot-one, 170 pounds, lean, and obscene, Esterhazy ranks as one of the most deceptive Riot Instigators in the country today. During last year's "March on John Wayne," Esterhazy out-psyched Campus Police by shouting all the four-letter words known to Man in Sanskrit. A "Creative Graffiti" Major (with his Minor in "Men's Room Art"), Zeb has sworn not to take a bath until The Bronx recognizes Red China.

1969 DEFENSIVE STARS TO WATCH

ALGERNON "BILLY" CLUBB

Head Crusher
California State Militia

Clubb holds the 1968 NCAA (National College-Agitator Arresters) record for the number of skulls smashed on a Thursday in October. Last season, he squelched a San Francisco State "Bleed-In" with his bare hands while winning an "On-The-Field Promotion" from Corporal to Sadist. Serious and thoughtful off the field, Billy is studying nights to be a Psychopath.



CAL CUTTER

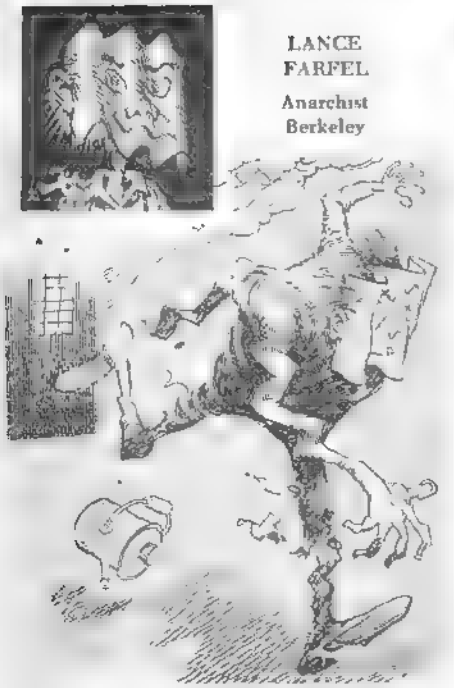
Pummeler
Virginia State Police

Cutter won national acclaim last season when he locked 89 rampaging Howard University students in a broom closet for three whole days. The tragic event is now referred to as "The Black Hole of Cal Cutter." When not playing Defensive Pummeler for Virginia State Police Cal keeps his weight down to a trim 275 lbs. by organizing and training crazed lynch mobs.

HERSHEY WESTMORELAND

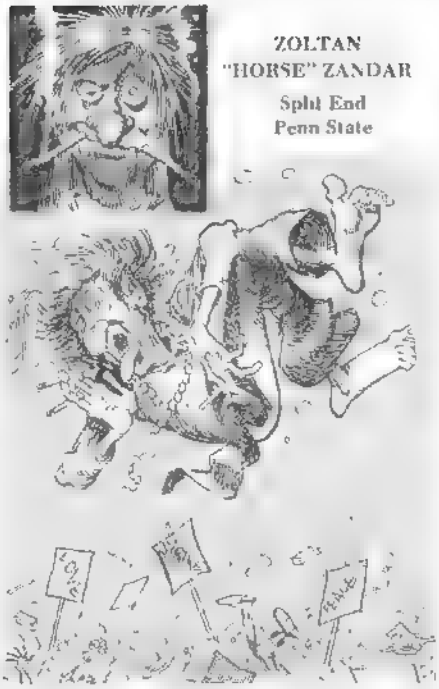
Sharpshooter
Michigan National Guard

In his rookie year last season, Westmoreland suffered from an over-eagerness to look good. Charged by a line of Michigan State rioters, Hershey fired a salvo over their heads, and wounded himself in the left ear. Nevertheless he stood his ground heroically, clubbing everything that moved with his riot gun, and prevented a student take-over of Lake Huron.



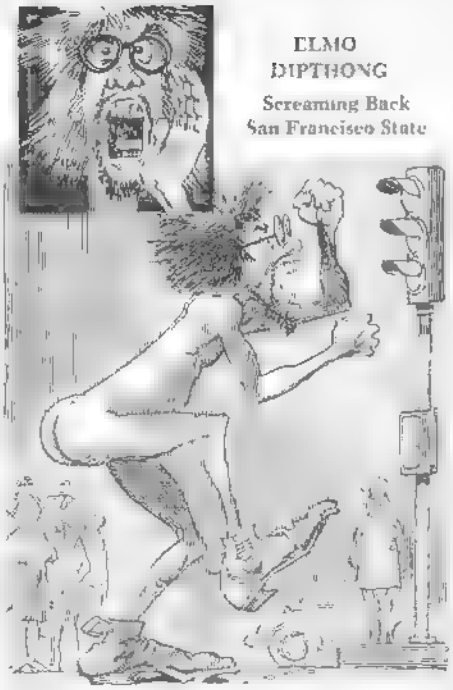
LANCE FARFEL
Anarchist
Berkeley

Farfel was out of action for most of the '68 season with injuries incurred when he folded, spindled and mutilated himself to protest the appearance on Campus of an IBM job-recruiter. A first-round Draft choice, he responded to the honor by setting fire to his Draft Board. Farfel is currently the President of several Student Action Groups, including RAMPAGE, CHAOS, SEETHE, and the Campus Boosters Club.



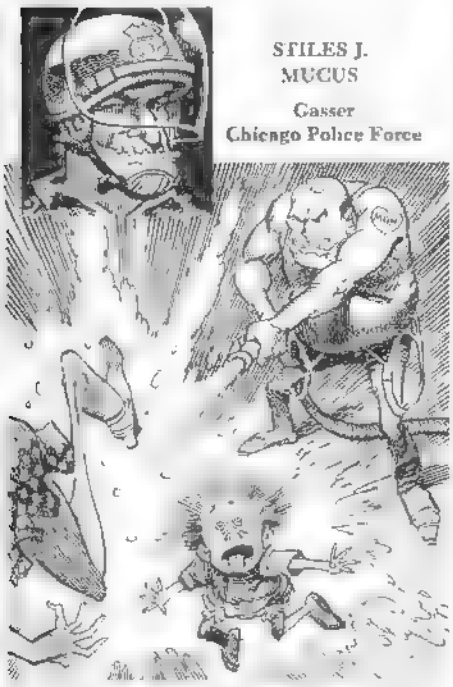
ZOLTAN "HORSE" ZANDAR
Split End
Penn State

Because he is constantly "turned on," Zandar is considered to be one of the finest Split Ends in the nation. During Campus Take-Overs, half of him can be seen smashing off Guards and through Secondaries, while the other half floats high over the tear gas, screaming out incoherent Student Demands. Last year, Zandar spaced out fourteen times, which . . . no matter how you look at it . . . is an all-time "high"!



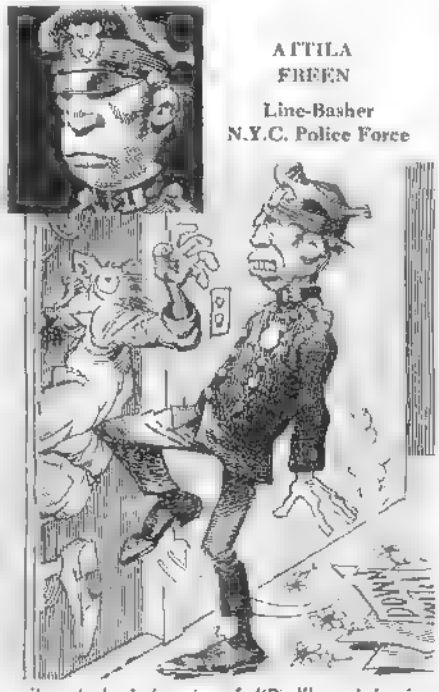
ELMO DIPTHONG
Screaming Back
San Francisco State

Last season, Dipthong singlehandedly tied up campus streets for 16 days while accusing a traffic light of "police brutality." At this writing, he is in the best shape of his long and successful career, having just completed a three-year fast protesting the use of Live Instructors. In school on an Allen Ginzberg fellowship, Elmo hopes to be the first protester to play two successive seasons naked



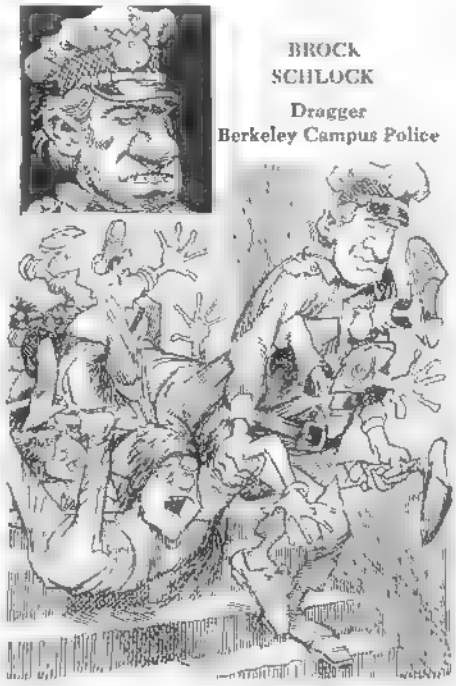
STILES J. MUCUS
Gasser
Chicago Police Force

Fast, versatile and totally deranged, Mucus can handle either Mace, tear-gas or a water-hose effectively. He was moved up to a front-line starting position last year after he'd hosed down his wife and daughter for refusing to disperse immediately from the family bathroom. He is also adept in the arts of crowd-movement, mass-persuasion and groin-kicking.



ATTILA FREEN
Line-Basher
N.Y.C. Police Force

Despite student taunts of "Pig!" and having garbage thrown in his face, Freen held his ground during last year's opener at Columbia. Refusing to over-react, Attila kept his cool, calmly throwing seventeen demonstrators down an elevator shaft. Unfortunately, Freen ended the '68 season temporarily sidelined, having jammed his knee in the kidney of a Sophomore



BROCK SCHLOCK
Dragger
Berkeley Campus Police

Recruited last season from the Pomona Police Force, Schlock broke a Pacific-8 record his first time out when he singlehandedly dragged 6 Berkeley rioters down 5 flights of stairs and into a waiting hearse. For this fantastic defensive feat, called "The Berkeley Bounce," Brock was voted the only unanimous choice for the "Opponents of the S.D.S. All-Star Team."

MEANING OF FACULTY MEDIATOR'S SIGNALS

OFF-SIDE

Hold everything! The riot has moved out of range of the TV Cameras!

TIME OUT

Hold everything! I've got remnants of Flung Garbage in my eye!

TIME OUT

Hold everything! I've got remnants of Tear-Gas in my eye!

TIME OUT

Hold everything! I've got remnants of the College President in my eye!

ILLEGAL SHIFT

I just saw a Coed actually wearing a Mini-Dress made from a Viet Cong flag!

ILLEGAL HOLDING

I just saw a Student actually choking a faculty member!

ILLEGAL MAIMING

I just saw a Campus Policeman actually stomping a student!

ILLEGAL PROCEDURE

I just saw a Student actually going to Class!

PERSONAL FOUL

A Rioter has just called me something personal and foul!

INELIGIBLE RECEIVER

A CBS Newsman has just gotten hit by a nightstick!

NO PLAY

Riot called because of the Graduation Exercises!

RESUME PLAY

My error! These ARE the Graduation Exercises!

TOP COLLEGE RIOT FIGHT SONGS

The Columbia Hymn

(sung to the tune of "Bless 'em All")

Crush 'em all!
Crush 'em all!
We'll make the Establishment fall!
That Hawk from Dow Chemical
handing out jobs!
Those Army recruiters
and Pentagon slobs!
We'll be forming a great human wall
And there on the Library Mall
Our line will surround 'em
Dismember 'em, pound 'em!
Don't let 'em give in--
Crush 'em all!

The Draft-Resisters Anthem

(sung to the tune of "Over Hill, Over Dale")

See the fire!
See the flame!
See the Feds take down my name!
'Cause my draft-card I'm burning today!
Though I know
It's a crime,
I'll be written up in TIME
'Cause my draft-card I'm burning today!

For it's ho-hoo-haw
When the judge lays down the law -
I'll make Toronto, come what may!
No sweat!
Still it seems absurd
When I'm perm'nent'ly deferred
That my draft-card I'm burning today!

TOP COLLEGE CHEERS

The Chant For Peace

With a P and an E and an A C E!
That's what we're after--yessiree!
Show to the world how we hate war--
Fill up the quad with blood and gore!
We've got a cause that's good and clean!
Burn down the buildings! Cream the Dean!
Build up a world that's fair and free--
Death to the pigs who don't agree!
Then, when we've smashed the fa-cul-ty--
We'll have P and an E and an A C E!

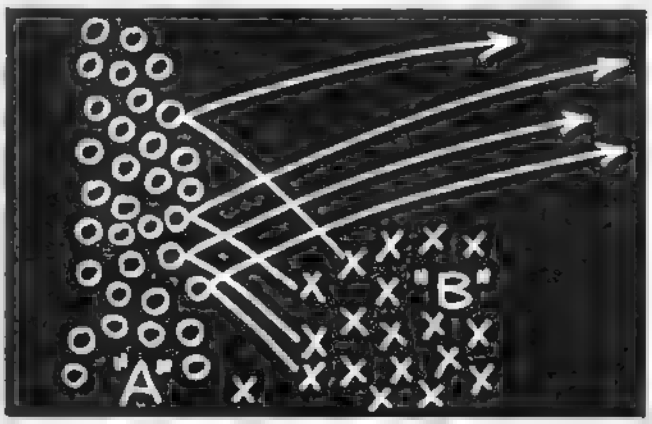
The Berkeley Cop-Rouser

You slimy [redacted] *!*
you! [redacted] *you!*
And [redacted] *you, too!*
If you don't like it,
[redacted] *!* [redacted] *!* [redacted] *!* [redacted] *!*
Rah!

KEY RIOT FORMATIONS AND PLAYS

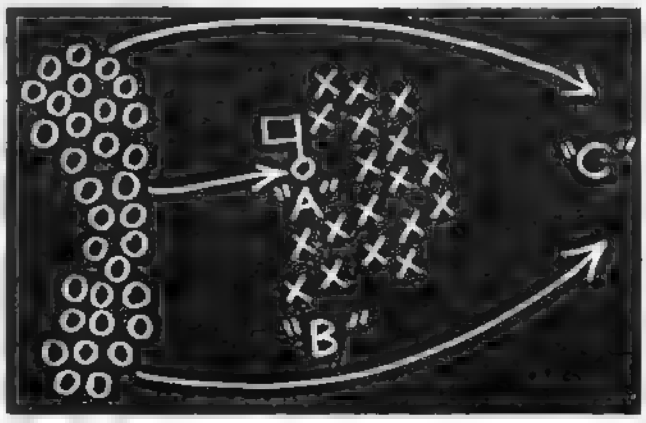
O = Offense X = Defense

THE BERKELEY FAKE AND DRAW



On opening day, entire Offensive Team (9,123 Undergraduates) forms mammoth pile-up outside Dean's office (A). The outnumbered Defensive Team (B) responds by dragging members of the Offense, one at a time, into Paddy Wagons. By the time the dragging is finished, it's June and another school year is down the drain.

THE N.Y.U. PILE-UP

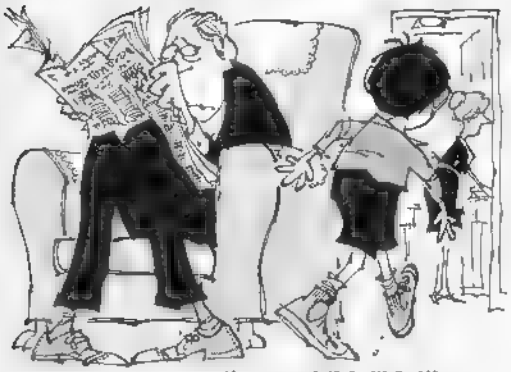


Offensive player disguised as Boy Scout (A) carries American Flag into Defense territory of State Militia. Patriotically stirred, the Defense is drawn out (B) to salute, allowing rest of the Offense to sweep, unopposed (C), across field and into Registrar's office to pour glue onto Draft Classification records.

MISTAKEN NONENTITY DEPT.

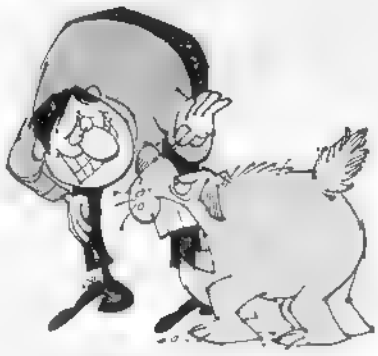
You Know You're REALLY

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .



. . . you tell your child "No!" and he goes to ask his Mother.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .



. . . even your own dog barks at you.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . you don't even get any "Junk Mail".

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . you send your fiancee flowers, and she can't guess who they're from.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . nobody laughs at your jokes unless they're funny.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . your letter to the Editor is returned unopened.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . the neighbor kid says, "My Dad can lick your Dad!" . . . and your son doesn't argue the point.

A NOBODY When...

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.
WRITER: JACK KENT

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . the guests at the party gravitate into little groups, and you're the only one in yours.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . the issue that you voted against at the PTA Meeting passes "unanimously".

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . even Politicians don't want to shake your hand.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . you grow a mustache and nobody even notices it.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

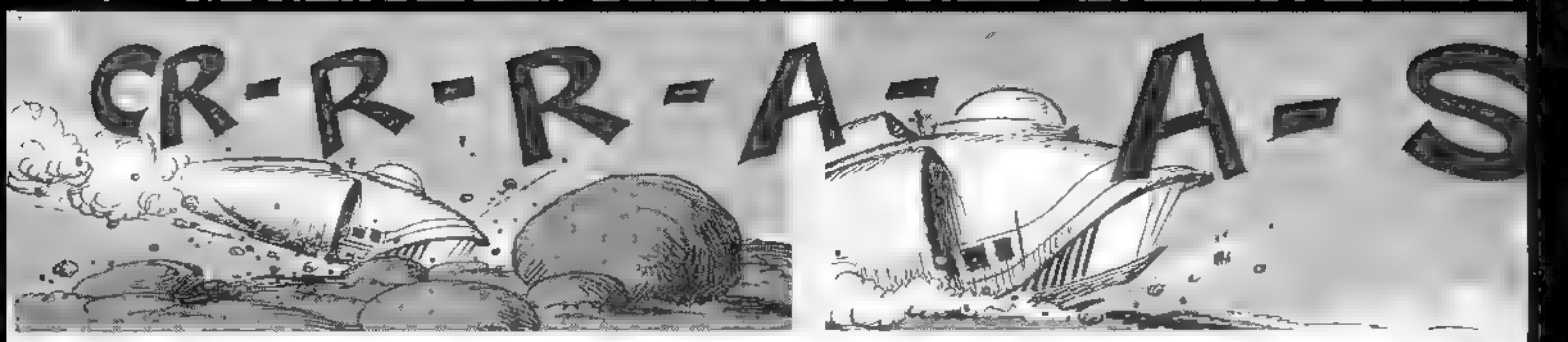
. . . you're asked to give two "References", and you can't even think of that many.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . after ten years of marriage, your wife still gets mail addressed to her maiden name.

You Know You're REALLY A NOBODY When . . .

. . . you quit your job, and it doesn't create a vacancy.



SHORT END OF THE SCHTICK DEPT.

What happens when a TV spaceliner is caught in the grip of a strange solar turbulence that creates an accidental time warp, and its passengers find themselves in a land where everything is giant size . . . giant trees, giant grass, giant stones, giant bugs and giant people? Well, it all adds up to a giant TV yawn called . . .

LAND OF TH

Folks, I'm your Captain, **Stiff Bourbon!** It looks like we've **crashed** and we're **lost!** But **don't panic!** Our Co-pilot, **Darn Wrecksome,** is checking with our ship's **Computer!** It will tell us where we are and **what to do!**

Captain Bourbon, our Computer just delivered this message: "You've **crashed** and you're **lost** . . . and you **SHOULD panic!"**

Do you have any idea why we crashed, Captain?

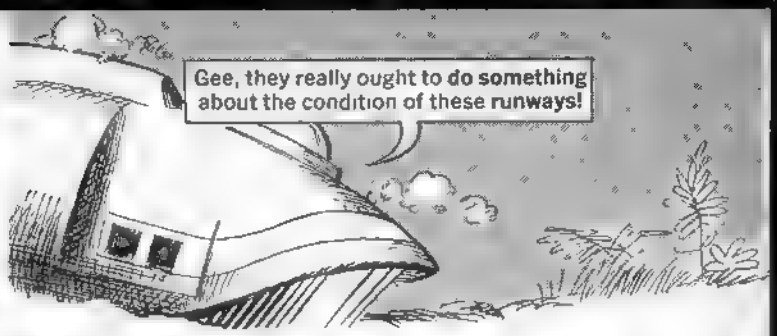
Sure! Somebody put a **bomb** aboard! **THIS SCRIPT!**

Can we eat now??

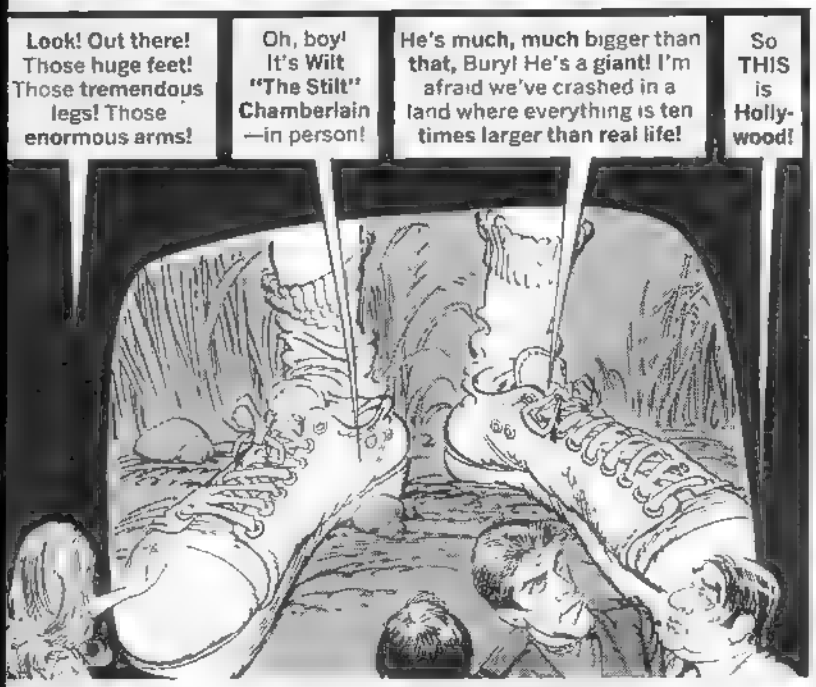
Boy, how **selfish** can you get! We're almost **killed,** and all you can think about is **EATING?!**

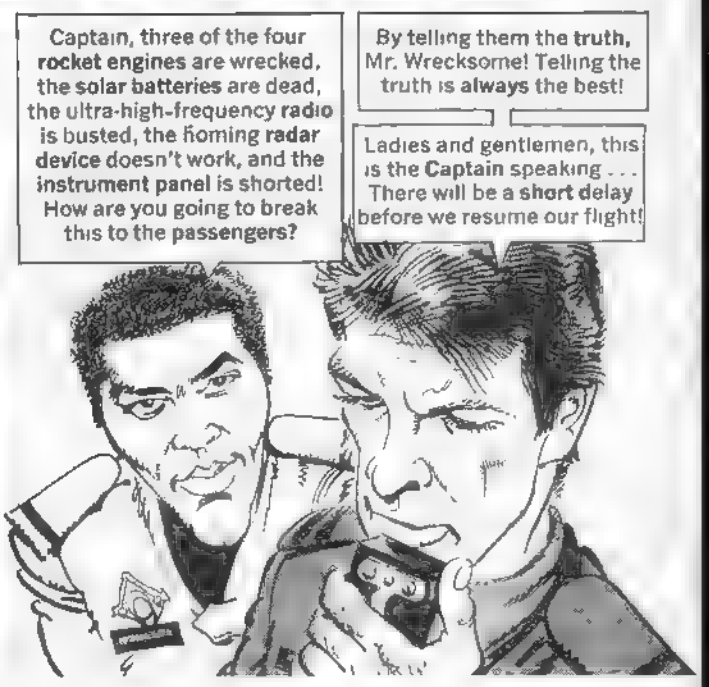
I'm even **more selfish** than **THAT!** I'm **also** thinking about **DRINKING!!**

ARF!



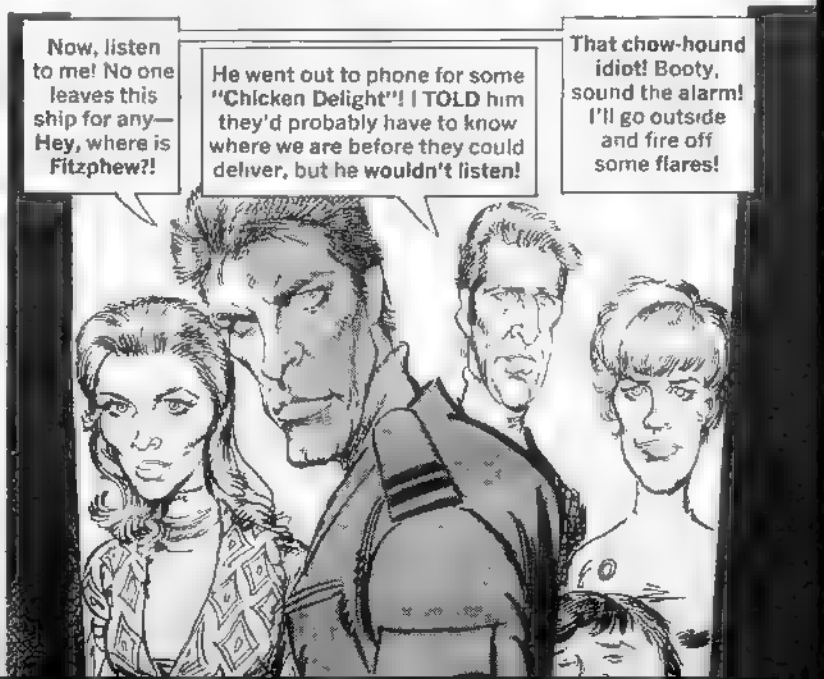
E GIANT BORES



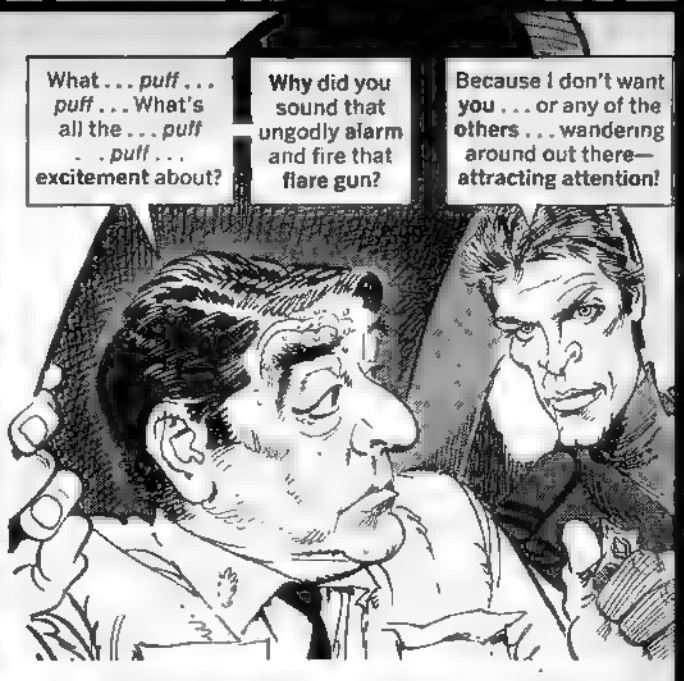


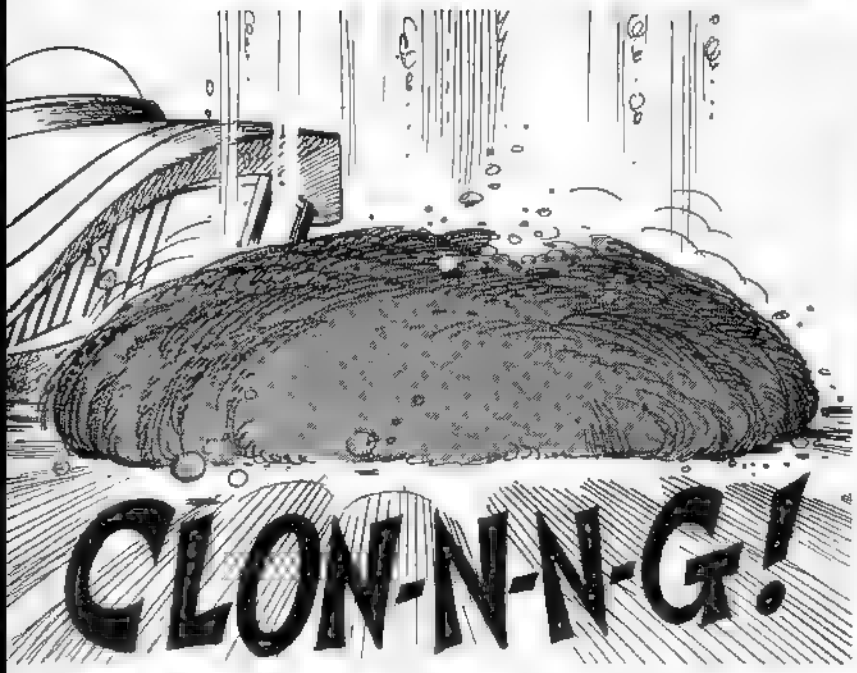
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

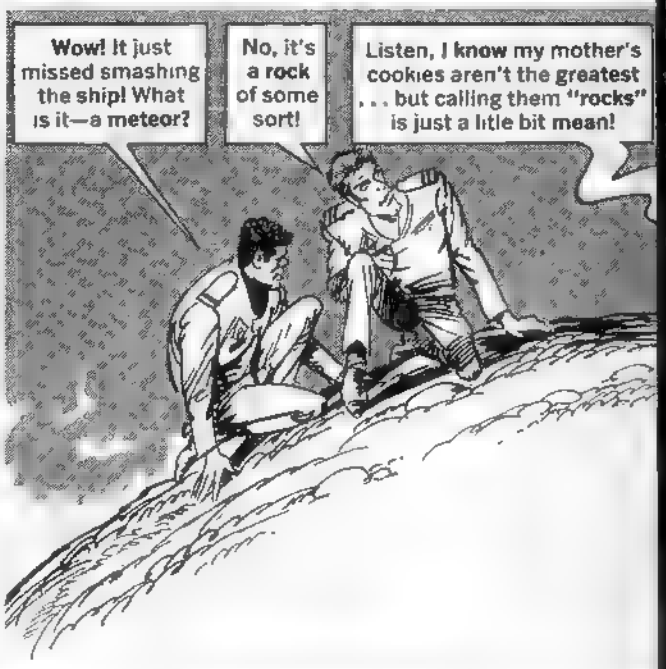
WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

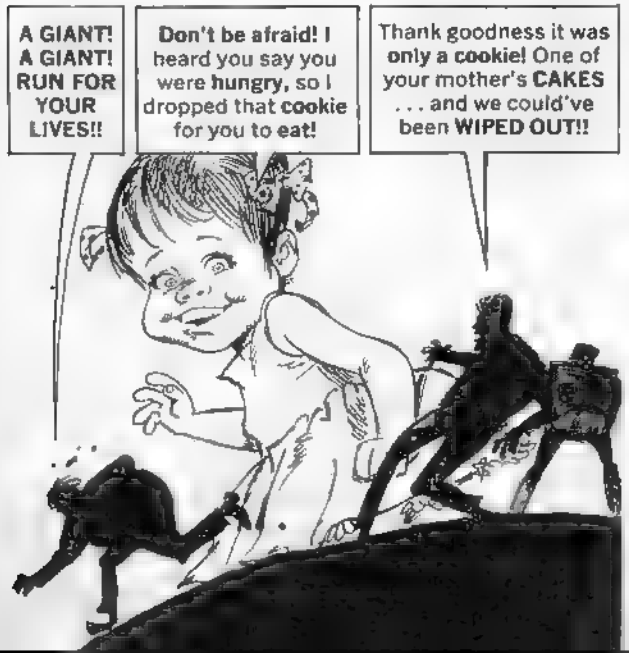


RRREEEEEEEE

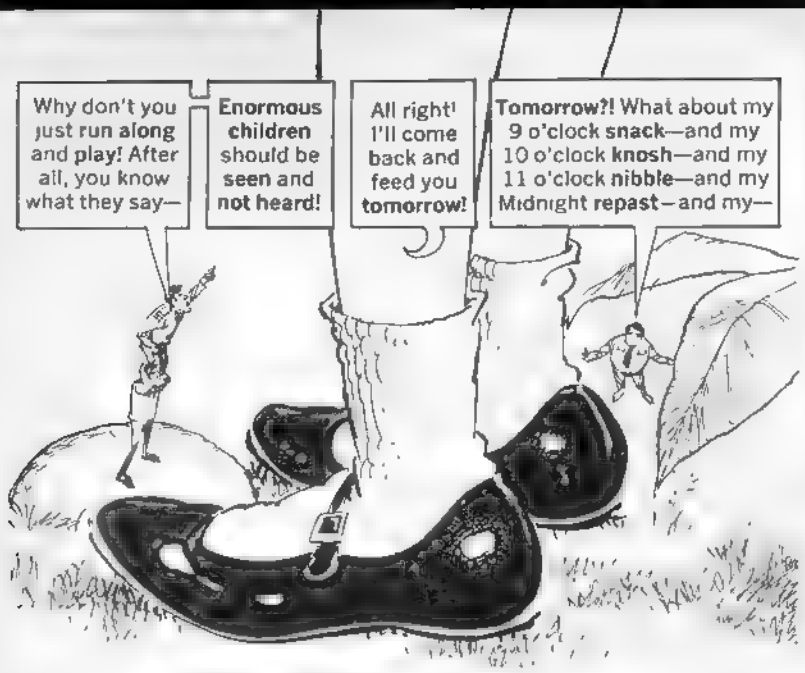

What . . . puff . . . puff . . . What's all the . . . puff . . . puff . . . excitement about?
Why did you sound that ungodly alarm and fire that flare gun?
Because I don't want you . . . or any of the others . . . wandering around out there—attracting attention!


CLON-N-N-G!

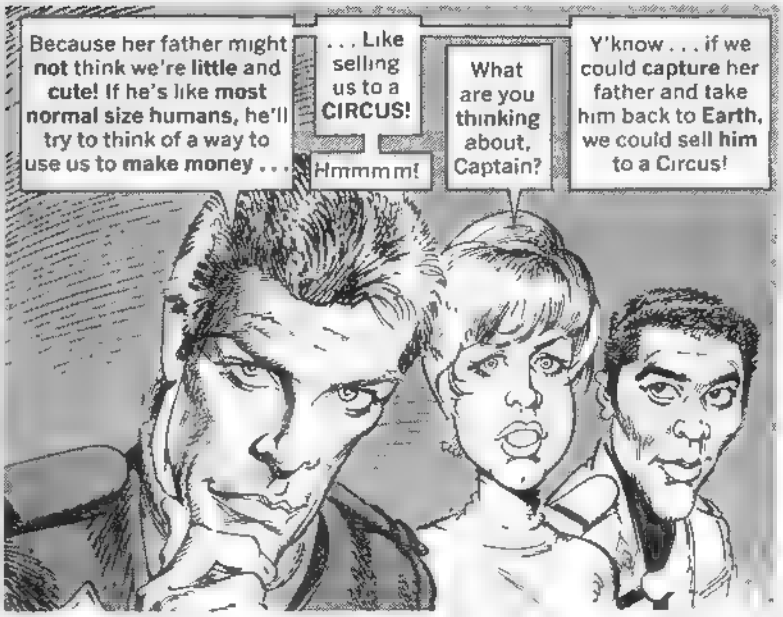

Wow! It just missed smashing the ship! What is it—a meteor?
No, it's a rock of some sort!
Listen, I know my mother's cookies aren't the greatest . . . but calling them "rocks" is just a litle bit mean!


A GIANT! A GIANT! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!!
Don't be afraid! I heard you say you were hungry, so I dropped that cookie for you to eat!
Thank goodness it was only a cookie! One of your mother's CAKES . . . and we could've been WIPED OUT!!

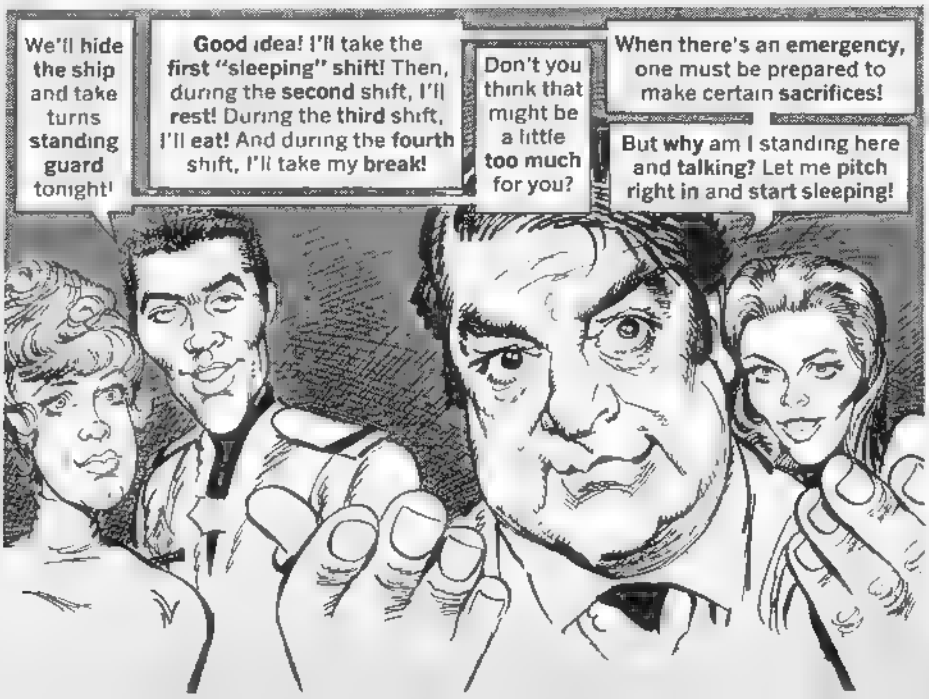
I'll go get my Daddy!
Wait! We were only kidding! you mother's a great cook!
But my Daddy will help you!
No, wait! Didn't your Daddy ever tell you never to talk to strangers?
Yes, but you're all so cute and little!
Well, we COULD be miniature kidnappers!

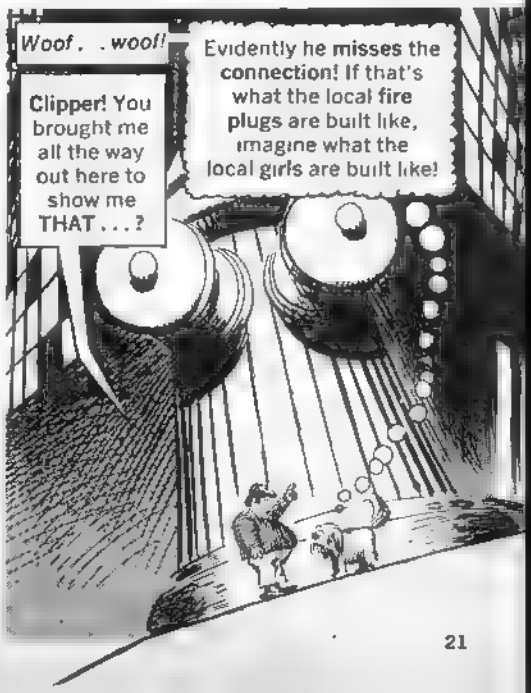

Why don't you just run along and play! After all, you know what they say—
Enormous children should be seen and not heard!
All right! I'll come back and feed you tomorrow!
Tomorrow?! What about my 9 o'clock snack—and my 10 o'clock knosh—and my 11 o'clock nibble—and my Midnight repast—and my—

One more word about food, Fitzphew . . . and I'll feed you my fitz—I mean, my FIST! Understand?!
Yes, Captain! I'll try to be more coffee—I mean, more CAREFUL, sir!
Why wouldn't you let her bring back her father, Captain?


Because her father might not think we're little and cute! If he's like most normal size humans, he'll try to think of a way to use us to make money . . .
. . . Like selling us to a CIRCUS!
Hmmmm!
What are you thinking about, Captain?
Y'know . . . if we could capture her father and take him back to Earth, we could sell him to a Circus!

Woof! Woof!
Woof . . Woof . .
What is it, Clipper?
You want me to follow you! Is that it?
No, I'm just trying to get your sweater off so I can take it to the cleaners!
Of course I want you to follow me, Idiot!
Woof! Woof!


We'll hide the ship and take turns standing guard tonight!
Good idea! I'll take the first "sleeping" shift! Then, during the second shift, I'll rest! During the third shift, I'll eat! And during the fourth shift, I'll take my break!
Don't you think that might be a little too much for you?
When there's an emergency, one must be prepared to make certain sacrifices!
But why am I standing here and talking? Let me pitch right in and start sleeping!


Woof . . woof!
Clipper! You brought me all the way out here to show me THAT . . . ?
Evidently he misses the connection! If that's what the local fire plugs are built like, imagine what the local girls are built like!

There! The ship is hidden! Now, we've—Hey, where's Bury and Clipper?
They were both here a minute ago! Clipper was acting strange . . . like he wanted to take Bury's sweater to the cleaners!
C'mon, Booty! We've got to find them!
Can I come, too, Captain?
No, Diary! Someone has to be ordered to stay here and then decide to disobey orders and wander off and get trapped so we can do our weekly "Rescue The Trapped Person" bit!
But aren't Clipper and Bury already disobeying orders and wandering off and getting trapped?
Maybe—but I can't trust a kid with that much responsibility!
So I'm ORDERING you to stay here!
I understand!
Let's go Booty, and be careful not to trip over that log!
That's not a log, sir! That's a cigarette!
I knew that "King Size" race would get out of hand!
There's one of them, Daddy!
Oh, no! They've found Diary!
HELP! HELP! SCR-E-E-EAM! HEL-L--L-LP!
Are you yelling because you are frightened, little one?
No, I'm yelling because this huge plastic hand we use every week is cold on my back! HEL-L-LP!!
What's all the yelling about?
And where were you, young man?
Out trying to get trapped! But I see Diary got there first! This [illegible]
Oh, it's not THAT terrible! You'll get your turn! There'll be lots of turns if we're renewed! Now, let's rescue Diary!
You can stay in that jar until I take you to the Circus people! They'll pay me a fortune for you, because no one's ever seen anyone as small as you!
Don't you get Mickey Rooney movies up here?
No! And your friends will never be able to rescue you! However, I will now fall asleep for several hours just in case they want to try . . . ZZZ—ZZZ—

Boy, he sure fell asleep fast!

That's because I dropped these in his water!

White manhole covers?

No, sleeping pills! You forget that we're only one-tenth their size, Captain Bourbon!

I didn't forget! However, sometimes the people in our TV audience forget! And the three-year-olds who would remember are in bed by this time!

How are we going to get to the top of that table?

Simple! We'll use my open safety pin and thread invention!

First, I take an open safety pin with thread attached and heave it onto the table . . .

. . . feeding out thread as the safety pin goes up . . .

Next, I wait until the open pin sticks into the table top!

Then, I yank on the thread to make it taut enough to climb!

And then I scream in pain because the pin didn't stick into the table top, but came back down into my foot! YEE-E-E-E-E-O-W-W-W!

Help me pull it out, will you, Booty?

Why they call this a safety pin, I'll never know!

There! It stuck this time! Now, to climb up and rescue Diary before the Giant wakes up!

Take your time! I'm sleeping very deeply! Besides, every time I wake up, this dialogue puts me right back to sleep again!

It's the Captain and Booty! They've rescued Diary!

I've got bad news, Captain! Guess who's wandered off now!?

Fitzphew?

No!

Bury?

No!

Well . . . who, then?

The TV audience!

The TV AUDIENCE?! But . . . Gee! They'll be missing so much!

Come back, folks! We've still got lots of exciting things to show you . . . like giant scissors and giant mouse traps and giant pencils and giant ink stands and giant cups and saucers and all the other giant props the studio built just for this new and original TV series . . .

Come to think of it, I guess they've seen it all before . . . in old "Dr. Cyclops" movies on the Late Show!

PEST ASIDE DEPT.

WHAT IS A KI

ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES

Between the time you are born and the time your parents give up all hope of ever having a normal child, there often is added to the household a squalling creature that quickly evolves into a "Kid Brother". Kid Brothers arrive with a native instinct to tattle on, steal from, lie to, argue with, holler at and rebel against you and any other older sisters or brothers. Growing up consists chiefly of developing all of these sickening talents to their fullest potential.

A Kid Brother is easy to spot, except when you're looking for him. He is usually found bathing his turtle in the tub when you want to use the bathroom to get ready for an important date... Or popping corn in the kitchen when you bring the gang home for a midnight snack... Or sprawled on the couch watching TV when you've lured your steady home knowing your parents are away... Or dismantling your car in the garage when you're already late for an appointment.

Despite his youth, a Kid Brother embodies many adult qualities. He has the regal poise of Jerry Lewis, the reflective thoughtfulness of Leo Durocher, the table manners of Ernest Borgnine, the social grace of Joe Pyne, the fastidious grooming of Fidel Castro, the guileless generosity of Charles DeGaulle, the enduring patience of Frank Sinatra, the warm humanitarianism of General Hershey and the lofty motives of General Ky.

Kid Brothers seldom display any natural aptitudes for becoming Medical Missionaries or Youth Counselors or State Department Protocol Officers or Concert Cellists or Talmudic Scholars. More often, they appear cut out to become Cat Burglars or Magazine Subscription Scheme Promoters or Loan Sharks or Lifetime Welfare Recipients or Pool Hall Hustlers or Professional Creators of Urban Blight.

The only nice thing about a Kid Brother is that he's predictable. If he borrows your car, you can bet he'll bring it back with the gas gauge needle fluttering on "E". If he borrows your best slacks, you can be sure he'll be wearing them while mixing together every indelible ingredient in his chemistry set—and spilling the test tube in his lap. If he borrows the book you need most to study for finals, you know he'll leave it out in the rain—strapped to the handlebars of your brand new racing bike, which he also borrowed.

O BROTHER?

WRITER: TOM KOCH

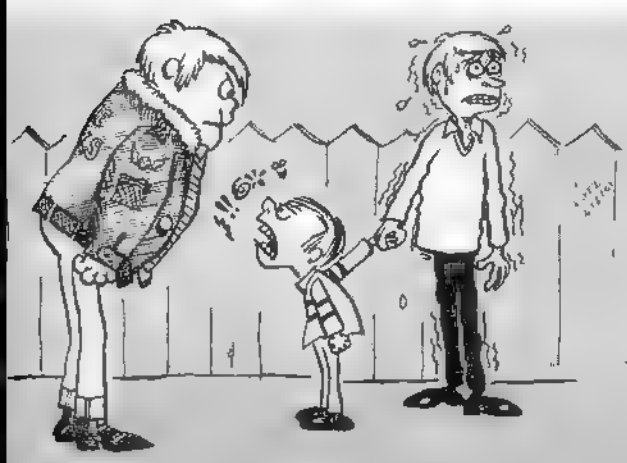
A Kid Brother's idea of "sharing" is getting you to do the yard work so he can earn $5 doing the neighbor's yard work. A Kid Brother's idea of "togetherness" is tagging along with you and your date to the Drive-In Movie. A Kid Brother's idea of "family pride" is having you break your leg in football practice so he can brag about it. And a Kid Brother's idea of "thoughtfulness" is remembering to tell you that his pet snake is loose somewhere in the house.

You can always recognize a Kid Brother in any crowd. He's the one wearing your college letter sweater down to his knees. He's the one displaying the "racy pictures" in your medical school text book to hi friends for a nickel a peek. He's the one swapping a stack of your rare old "78" jazz records for a sick hamster. He's the one who's been ostracized because the answers to your 1963 final exams which he sold did not fit the 1968 questions. And he's the one with the locker full of your Sports Car Rally Plaques who's flunking Driver Education.

No doubt about it, a Kid Brother is a unique form of humanity! Who else would give you a left-handed baseball glove as a birthday present when he's the only southpaw in the family? Who else would sign up for tuba lessons by mail... and then practice only between 6:30 and 7:30 on Saturday mornings? Who else would borrow your fraternity pin without asking to hold up your best tennis shorts, which he also borrowed without asking? And who else would lovingly ask you for your autograph so he could trace it on the phony I.D. card he just forged?

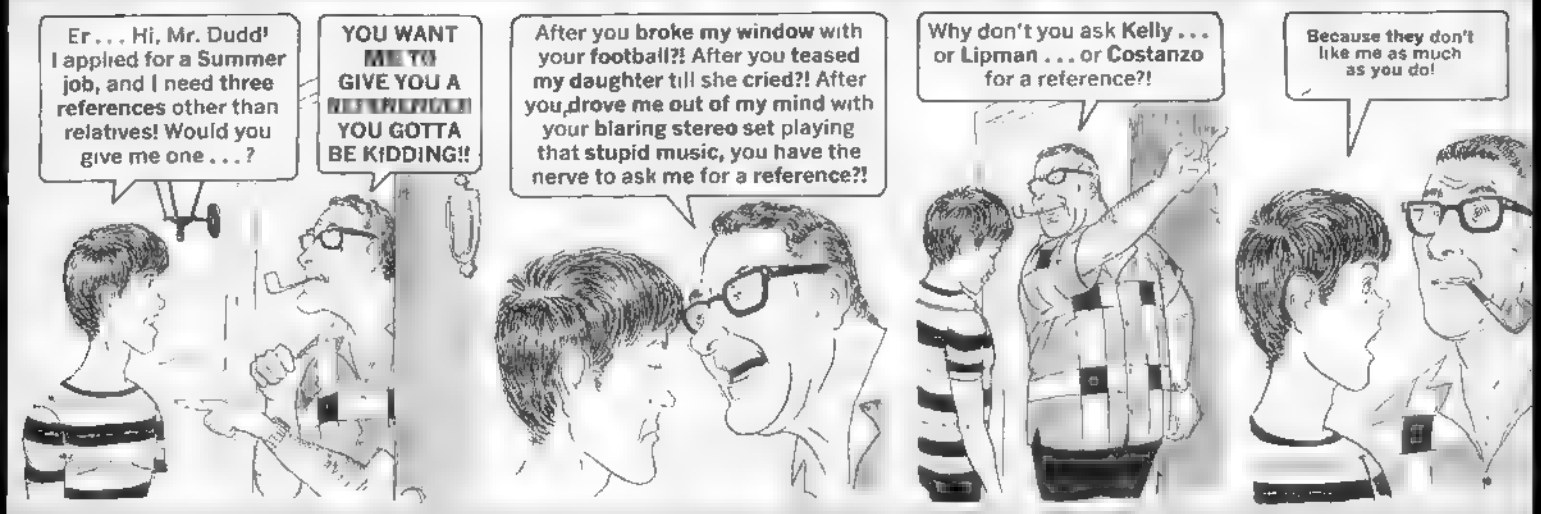
Still, with all their shortcomings, Kid Brothers perform one vital function. Whenever a scraped fender is discovered, or a damaged power tool is first noticed, or a grease-stained guest towel is found, a terrible void of guilt-ridden silence would exist for all of us Big Brothers and Big Sisters if there were no Kid Brothers around to step forward with their lusty and familiar cry of...

"I DIDN'T DO IT!"



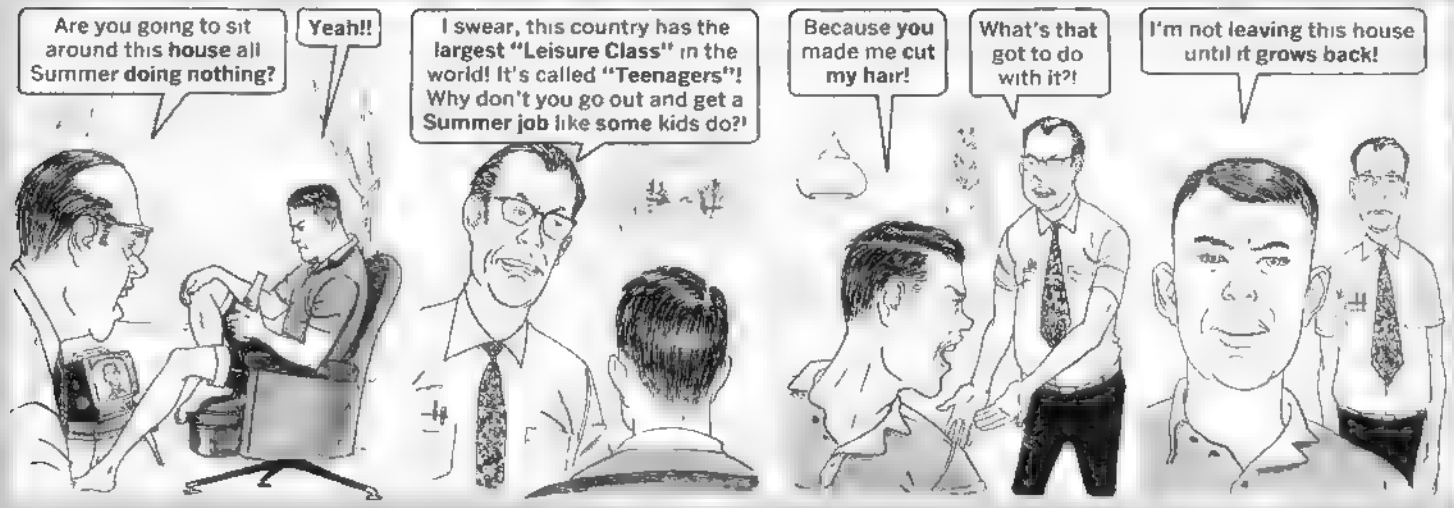
BERG'S-EYE-VIEW DEPT.

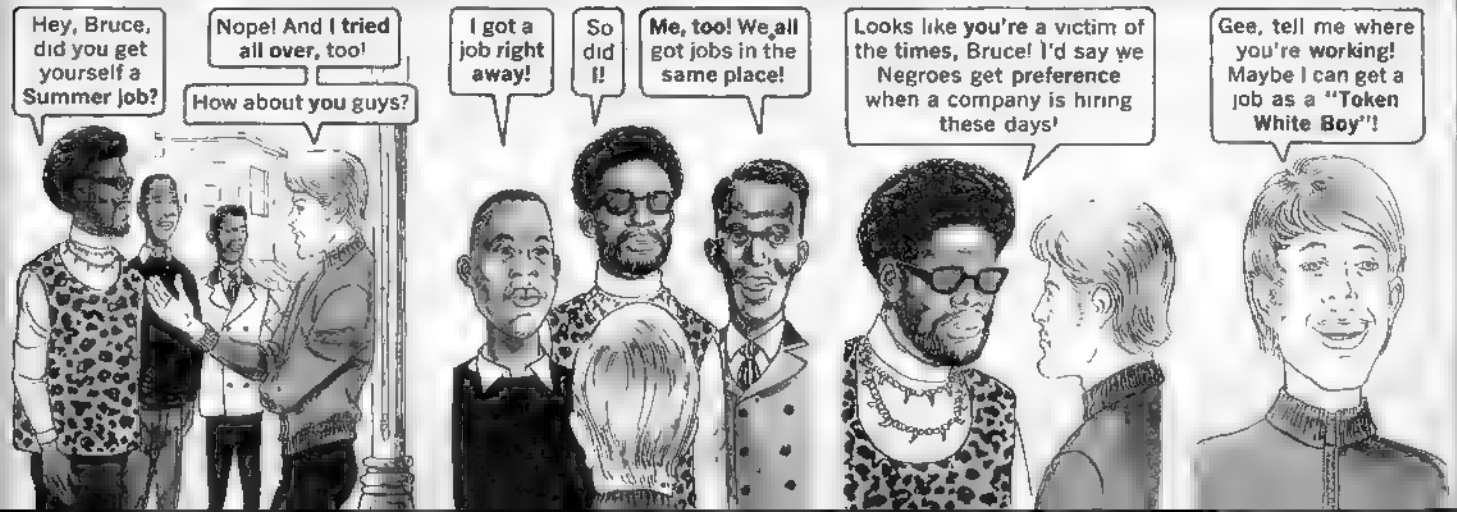
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... SUMME



R JOBS

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG





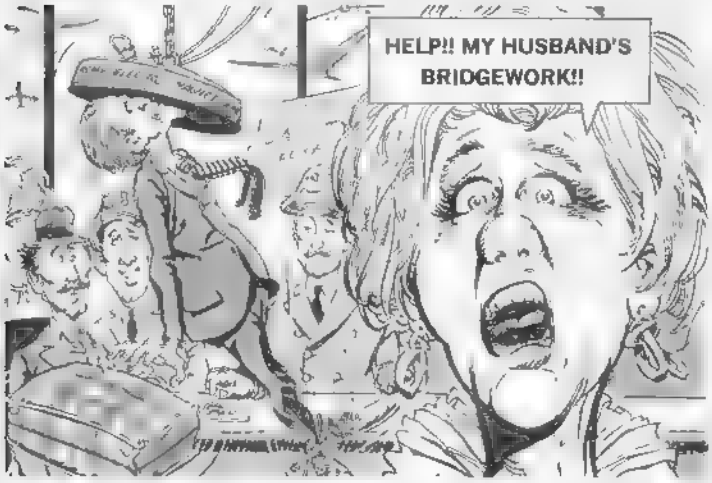
Waiter, what does it mean when I get this terrible cramp in my stomach? It happens whenever my Mother-In-Law comes over!
Hey! What are you asking HIM for? He's only a waiter!
I'll have you know that this young man is a brilliant fourth-year Medical Student working for his tuition during the Summer!
Tell me, "Doctor"! What do you think it is?
It sounds more "emotional" than "physical"!
SEE?! That's exactly what I've been telling you all along!!
Ahh, what does HE know! He's only a waiter!
Now, don't move or make a sound while I'm making this putt . . .
MISSED!! Darn it! It's all your fault! I told you not to move! You're the world's worst Caddy!!
I don't get it! He's got a Golf Cart to carry his clubs in, and he spots his balls pretty well! So what does he need you for?
To blame his bad score on!
Let's get a move on! You're not being paid to sit around!
Boy, how I hate the "Establishment"!
The guys back at College were right! We need a revolution! We have to kick out selfish, stupid, overbearing authority!
I've decided the job is too tough for one man, so I got you an assistant! This is Joey! Show him the ropes . . .
Let's get a move on! You're not being paid to sit around!
Roger, it was YOU who insisted that our son, Tommy, take on a paper route for the Summer to learn responsibility, right?
And the most important thing is that those papers be delivered, right? That's Tommy's responsibility, right?
Well, Tommy has a fever, and a boy with a fever can not be expected to go out in the rain, right?
And since a son is a father's responsibility, a father is responsible for the responsibilities his son takes on, right?
When she's right, she's right!

Hey, lookit my pitcher!
Oh, what a lovely drawing of a horse!
Dat's not a horse, dummy! Dat's a pitcher of a man!
Oh . . . yes . . . of course it is! There's his nose!
CAMP SHIPEMOFF
Dat's not his nose, dummy! Dat's his foot!
Er . . . oh . . . yes! You're right! And there's his arm—
Dat's not his arm, dummy! Dat's his other foot! How'd you ever get a job as Arts 'n Crafts Counselor, anyway! You don't know the first thing about art!!
Gee, where did you get the money to PAY for a beautiful expensive car like this—not to mention the insurance?!
I got a Summer job with a Construction Company!
The pay is great! Yep, I always dreamed about the day I could afford a snazzy car like this so I could take a gorgeous chick like you out to a lonely spot like here and make out!
But isn't Construction work physically exhausting? I mean, don't you have to get up very early . . . like 5 A.M., and work terribly hard every day, Jack?
Jack . . . ? JACK! HEY, WAKE UP, JACK!
zzzzzzzz
Boy, how I hate the "Establishment"!
I'm in my GTO, and I'm revvin' up to 6200 RPM's! There's the starting signal, and I'm poopin' my clutch and doin' a three foot wheelie!
I'm throwin' a power shift and I'm burnin' rubber on my slicks! Now, I'm passin' the lead car, and I'm blowin' his doors in!
There's the checkered flag . . . and I win the Nationals!!
Okay, Mrs. McGilla! I finished mowing your lawn!
I must say, Carl . . . you're a diligent worker! There is nothing of the day-dreamer in you!!
How do you like my new skirt, Dad? I bought it at a "Sale"!
You bought something "On Sale"?! And only ONE skirt?!
And it isn't even one of those status-type "Brand Names"?! That's a new twist!
The situation has changed!
Oh?! But you always used to buy expensive clothes! Since when did you become an economical, penny-pinching miser?
Since I got a Summer job! Now, I'm spending the money that I earned myself!

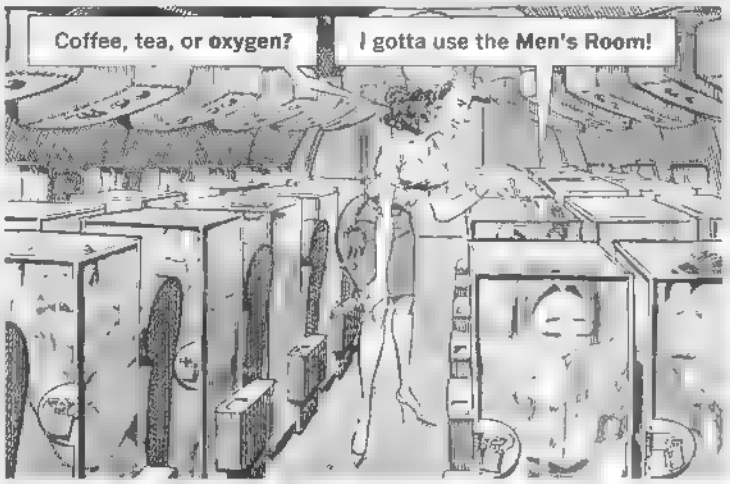
You're not going to sit around all Summer doing nothing like last year! You're going to get a job! I hear the Frost Men's Shop is looking for somebody! You go down there and ask!
Like . . . Man, you don't need any Summer help, do you?
Well, I take it you didn't get the job!
No, I didn't!
But you can't say I didn't TRY!!
STOP THAT SPLASHING!
NO RUNNING!!
CUT THAT OUT!
SHADDAP!!
QUIT THAT!
KNOCK IT OFF!
We choose our Day Camp Counselors carefully! They must have previous experience, they must have at least two years of college, they must have good character references, and mainly . . . THEY GOTTA HAVE BIG MOUTHS!!
DAY CAMP
Cripes, business is sure lousy today! I'll hardly make enough on commissions to take Gail to a movie this Saturday night!
JINGLE
Oh, boy! At last! Here comes a bunch of cash customers!
We want . . .
We want . . .
We want . .
Okay, kids! Make up your minds! I haven't got all day! Out with it! What do you want?
ICE CREAM
WE WANT TO RING THE BELLS!!
REAM
Can you give me some tips on getting a Summer job?
First of all, you have to start early in the Spring!
You have to carefully type a letter directly to the man in charge and include a resume of your education, your previous experience, special skills, references, and stuff like that!
Then, on the day of your interview, you have to be careful to dress neatly and be well-groomed, to come on time, to speak with confidence, and to bring your Working Papers and your Social Security number!
Is that how you got YOUR job?
Naw! I just asked my father, and he let me work in HIS place for the Summer!
David Berg

Today's airlines offer passengers many "extras" including comfy slippers, steak broiled on board, furry blankets, hostesses in mini-skirts, Hollywood movies, and so on. But there's one "extra" they can't offer . . . and that's a guarantee to fly directly to where you want to go! We're referring, of course, to the hijacking problem. To date, two dozen planes have been hijacked by Castro-ites and forced at gunpoint to fly to Havana. Is there a solution to this situation? Several suggestions have been offered, including the following . . .

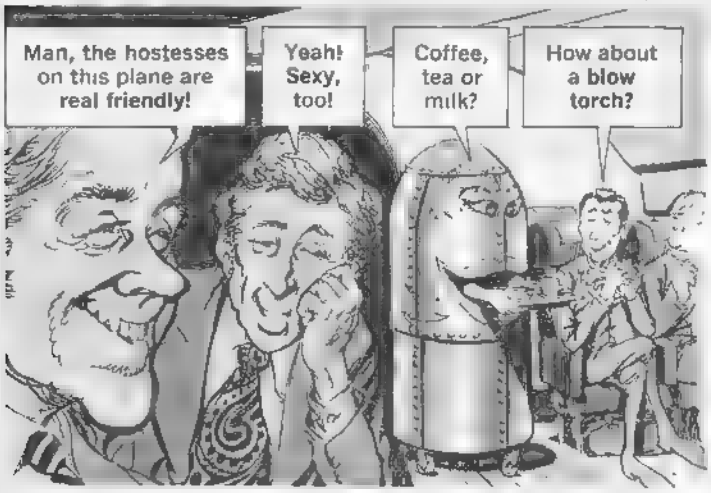
Use an electronic detection device or ultra-high-powered electro-magnet to screen each passenger for any concealed weapons such as knives, pistols, rifles and hand grenades.



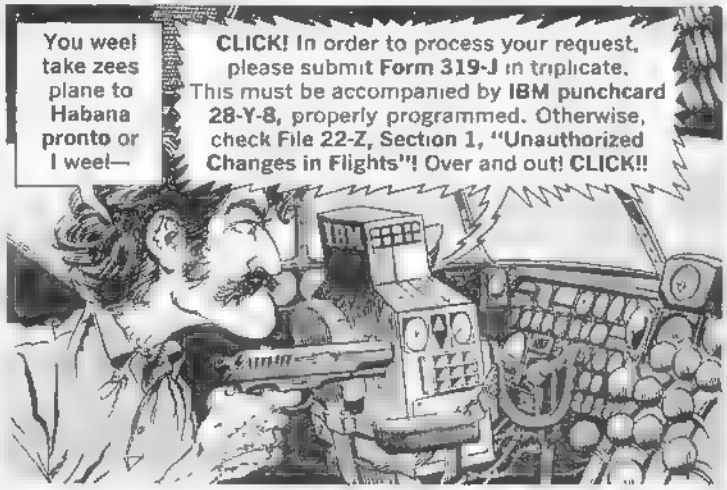
Immediately upon boarding, place each passenger in his own separate, bullet-proof, air-conditioned glass booth. These booths will be kept locked until plane has landed safely.



Enclose all hostesses inside special armor-plated capsules, making it impossible for hijackers to use them as hostages.



Replace live airline pilots with automated computers, and program them in advance for specific flight destinations.



Now compare those ridiculous suggestions with...

THE MAD PLAN FOR HALTING THE HIJACKING OF PLANES

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: SY REIT

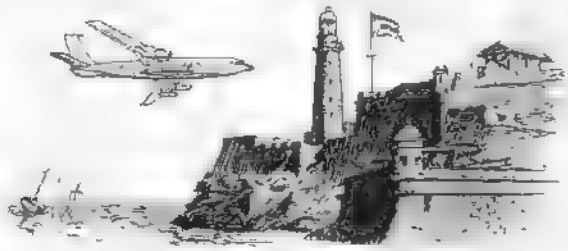
ALL WE HAVE TO DO TO END THE HIGHJACKING MENACE IS OFFER...

FREE WEEKLY PLANE TRIPS TO HAVANA

And if every airline cooperates, we can look forward to . . .

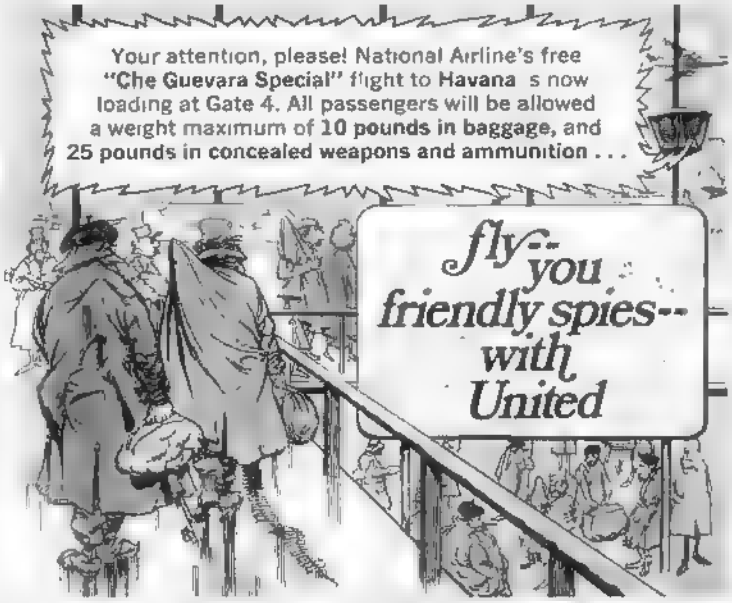
COPPING OUT TO HAVANA?

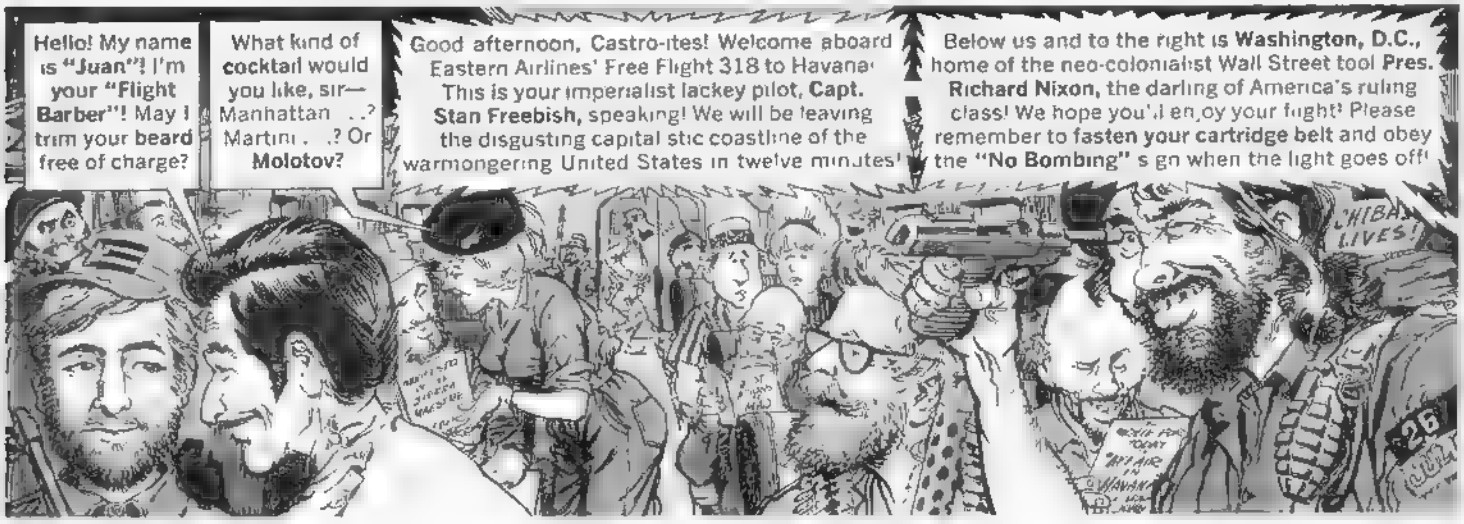
PAN-AM makes the going great!



Only Pan-Am's Free "Cuban Guerilla Express" Provides:

Free Gun Racks	Arroz con Pollo cooked right on the plane	Hostesses dressed in fashionable field dungarees	Unlimited drinks in our beautiful Mao Tse Tung Lounge

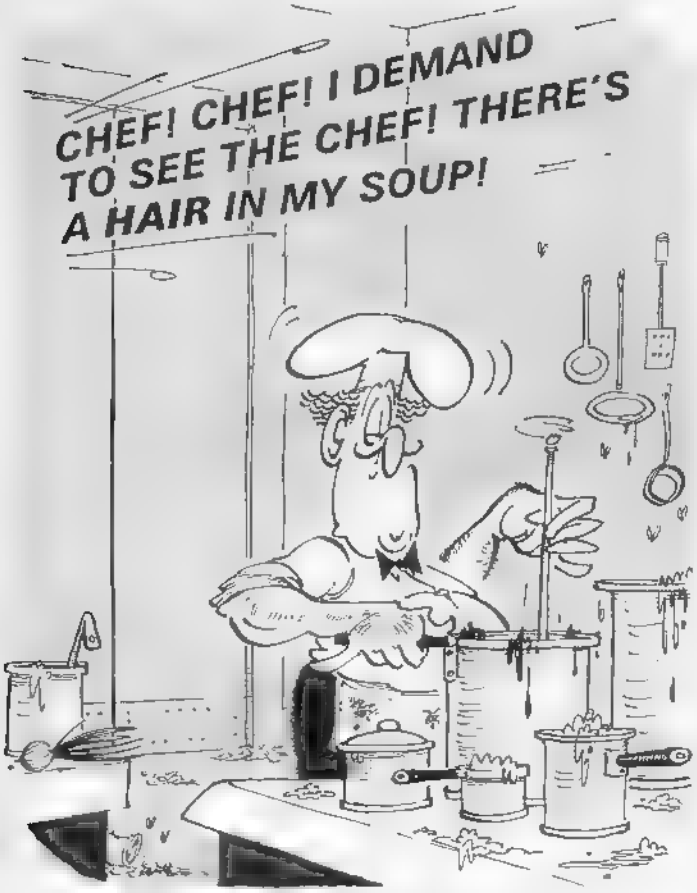


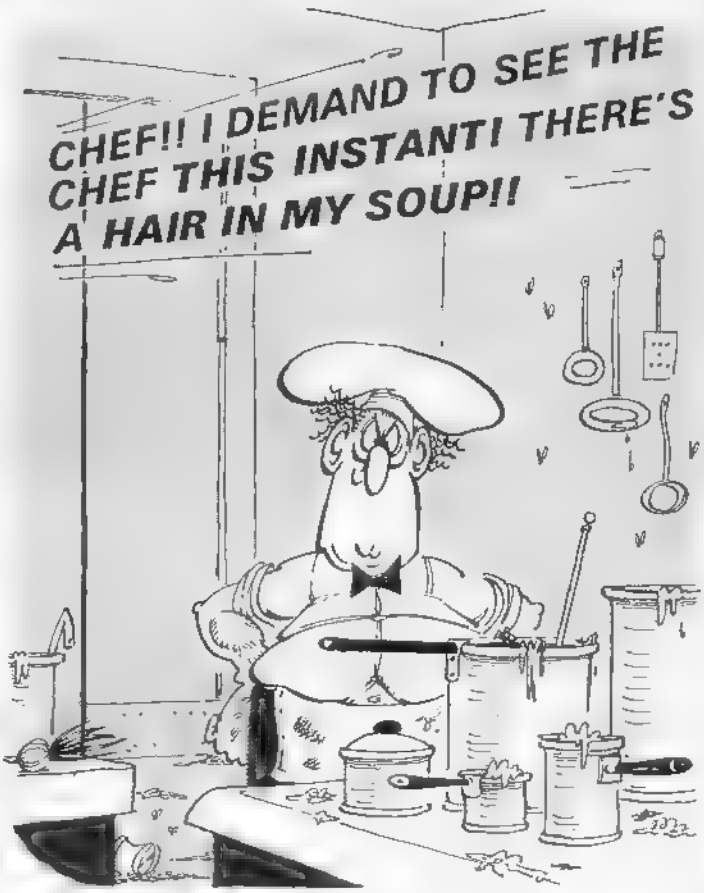


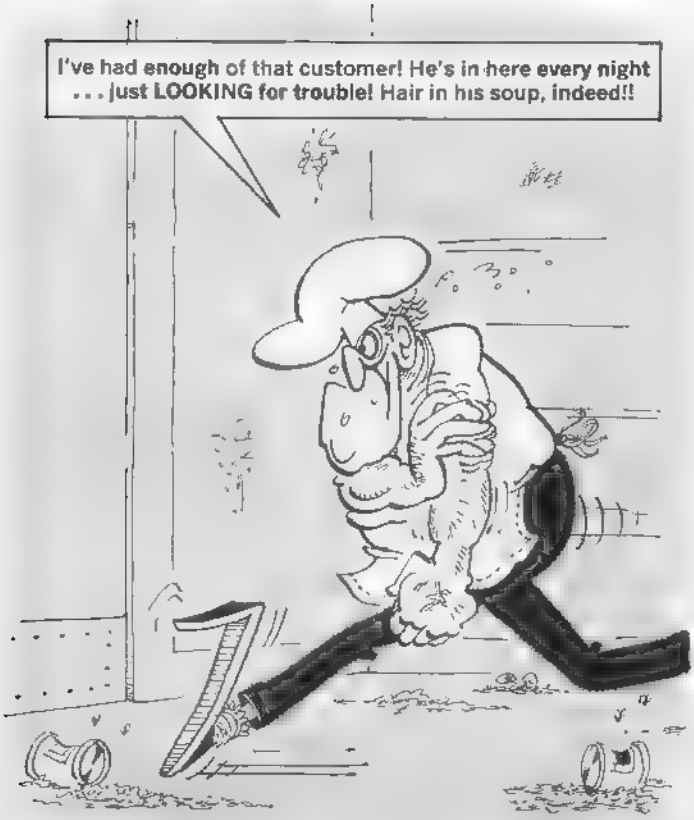
A PERFECT SOLUTION? OF COURSE! EXCEPT THAT IT WOULDN'T LAST!

Because sooner or later, the poor clods who can't afford to pay to fly to *other* places will cop to what's going on, and then the next thing we know—

ONE NIGHT IN A RESTAURANT







GOOD CONDUCT RIBBIN' DEPT.

The following article is based upon a never-to-be-published MAD book. This book will never be published because (1) there is no MAD writer qualified to write it, and (2) there is no MAD Editor qualified to edit it. This article is being published, however, because we suddenly realized there are no MAD readers qualified to comprehend it. So

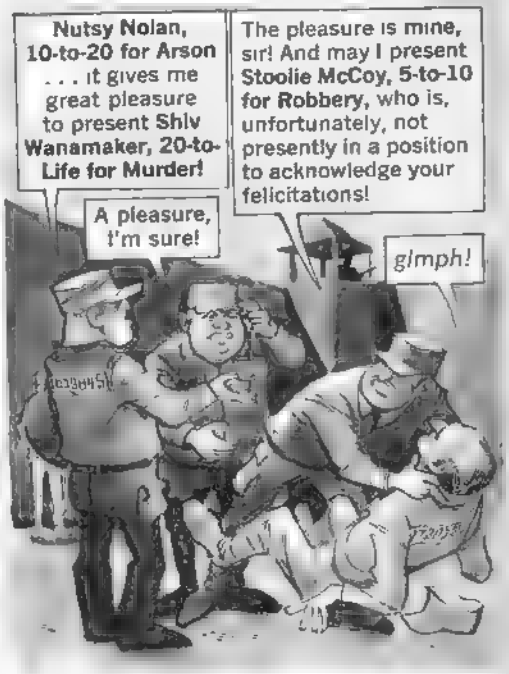
HERE ARE SOME RANDOM CHAPTERS FROM...

Chapter One
INTRODUCTIONS

Introductions are very important, especially when there is more than one person present:

Sometimes an introduction serves as an "icebreaker":

When introducing Professional men, one must always include their credentials:



Very often, a hasty introduction must be made in the midst of busy workday activities. This is perfectly proper and acceptable:

THE MAD BOOK OF ETIQUETTE AND GOOD MANNERS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Chapter Four

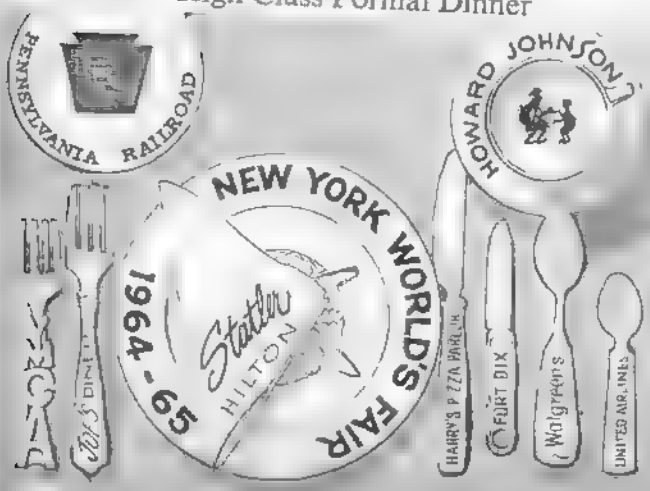
TABLE ETIQUETTE

Nowhere is etiquette more important than when dining. To test your knowledge of Table Etiquette, study the picture below of a formal dinner. There are 10 rules of etiquette that are being violated. How many of these can you find?

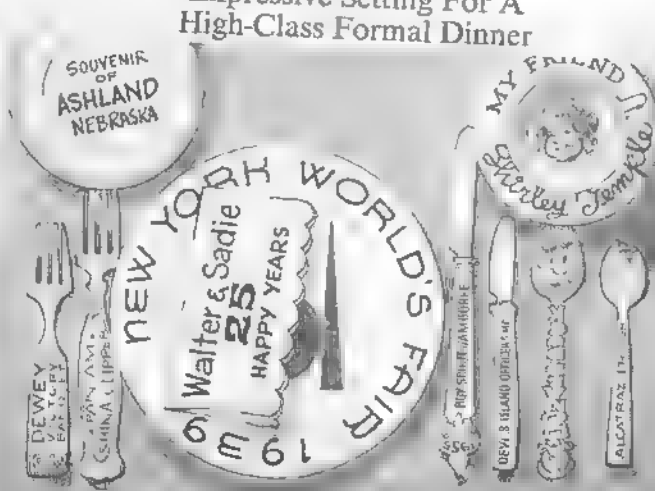
1. The gravy on the fat woman's blouse is from breakfast.
2. The man chewing on the lamb chop bone is a Vegetarian.
3. The man without a shirt is telling a dirty story at the table.
4. The man at far right is using both hands instead of one to hold the saucer he is drinking out of.
5. There is no cranberry sauce.
6. The man with the hat on is stabbing the roast with the wrong fork.
7. The man at far left was not invited.
8. The wine is vintage '63, a bad year.
9. The silverware still isn't paid for.
10. The woman in the dark overcoat has forgotten to wear her false teeth.

THE TABLE SETTING

Unimpressive Setting For A High-Class Formal Dinner



Impressive Setting For A High-Class Formal Dinner



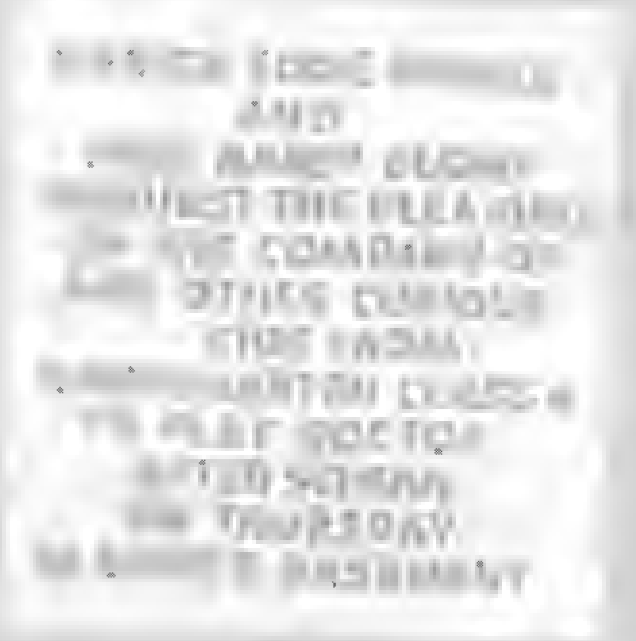
Chapter Seven
PRINTED MATTER

A PROPER FORMAL INVITATION

Mr. Arnold Skagg
Local 514—Now On Strike
Brotherhood of Teamsters
Requests the Pleasure
of Your Company
At A Reception
To Bust Open The Heads
Of Two Dozen Scabs
At Eight O'clock
On The Morning of Monday
The Fifth of March
In Front of The
Finster Trucking Co. Garage

R.S.V.P. Dress Optional

A PROPER INFORMAL INVITATION



PROPER BUSINESS CARDS

Martin Finsternish And Company
Multi-Million Dollar Investments

Phoebe Finsternish
Power-Behind-The-Throne

U. S. Army
2nd Platoon B Company
5th Infantry Division

Pvt. Melvin Gruber
Latrine Orderly

Amalgamated Industries, Inc.

Robert Jones
Token Negro

City of South Bend
Department of Sanitation
Truck 16

Myron Sedgewick
Rancid Grease Specialist

SING SING PRISON

Elwood Mulvaney
#51784789
Finking and Stooling

Mainline Operations

Back Room
Schultz' Delicatessen
516 Main Street

Seymour Rocko
Chief Pusher

PROPER SOCIAL CARDS

Mrs. Veronica Holstrul
Swinging Divorcee

New York Miami Paris Rome

Mrs. Brown's Snotty Little Kid
Randolph

F. Ramsey McAllister III
Crashing Bore

Chapter Nine
BUSINESS CORRESPONDENCE

A PROPER LETTER OF INTRODUCTION

MAFIA ENTERPRISES
100 State Street, Chicago, Illinois

September 10, 1968

Mr. Otto Kling
Kling's Candy Store
Third and Market
St. Louis, Mo.

Dear Mr. Kling:

This is to introduce Mr. Anthony "Slug" Fazio, one of our most efficient and trusted employees, who is eager to discuss with you a new service we are offering to small businessmen like yourself. We would greatly appreciate any courtesies you may care to extend to Mr. Fazio, like signing up immediately, so that he may have the opportunity to show his appreciation by refraining from blowing your head off.

Very truly yours,

Vincent Lasagna
Commissioner
Protection Division

A PROPER LETTER OF EXPLANATION

THE AMERICAN BLUEBLOOD SOCIETY
1776 Wasp Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Mr. Max Epstein
417 Freen Road
Philadelphia, Penna

Dear Mr. Epstein

It is with deep regret that the American Blueblood Society must turn down your request for membership.

We try to arrange our membership so every Profession is represented equally. And since we already have one member who is an Ornithological Neuro-Embryologist, we are sadly com pelled to refuse your application

Please do not think our decision was made for any personal or sectarian reasons.

Sincerely yours,

Harley Oxmounter III
Membership Secretary

Chapter Ten
PERSONAL CORRESPONDENCE

DECLINING AN INVITATION

MR. ROCKY "FATS" McGOWAN
INTERNATIONAL LONGSHOREMEN'S ASSOCIATION
REGRETS TO INFORM
MR. ARNOLD SKAGG
BROTHERHOOD OF TEAMSTERS
THAT HE IS UNABLE TO ACCEPT HIS
KIND INVITATION
TO BUST OPEN THE HEADS
OF TWO DOZEN SCABS
OWING TO A PREVIOUS COMMITMENT
TO PARALYZE SHIPPING IN
NEW YORK, BOSTON and HOBOKEN

WRITING A LETTER OF APOLOGY

Dear Mrs. Yulvey,

My husband and I are deeply sorry about our house being burned down by your son, Wilbur, yesterday.

We realize that we were at fault building it so close to Wilbur's play area.

I hope that he has recovered from his traumatic experience.

Sincerely yours,
Margo Furmfet

WRITING A LETTER OF THANK-YOU

Dear Mrs. Forsythe:

I so enjoyed attending the meeting of the Southside Neighborhood Political Discussion Group at your home last Friday evening. Thank you for inviting me.

During the spirited question and answer period, I seem to have lost my upper dentures. Should they turn up, I would appreciate your mailing them back to me here at the Critical Ward of St. Theresa's Hospital, where I am told I will be for the next three weeks.

Sincerely,
X
Waldo Fetlock

Written for him by
Sister Maria Flavia

WRITING A LETTER OF COMPLAINT

Mrs. Quincy Gribbish

Dear Mrs. Eggrott,

This is to inform you that for the third time this week, our St. Bernard, Dusty, was bitten by your daughter, Sylvia.

Considering that Sylvia is 17 years old, I am shocked at her behavior, and I suggest that from now on, you keep her on a leash.

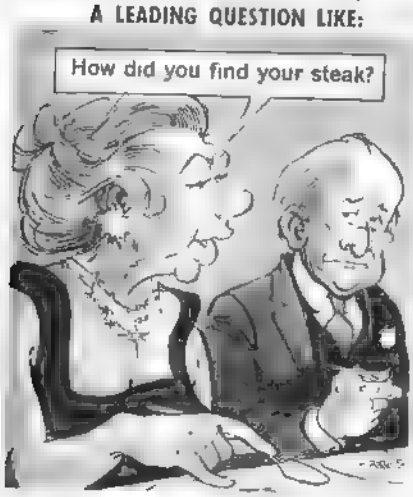
Sincerely,
Velma T. Gribbish

Chapter Eleven
PROPER CONVERSATION

CONVERSATION AT THE DINNER TABLE

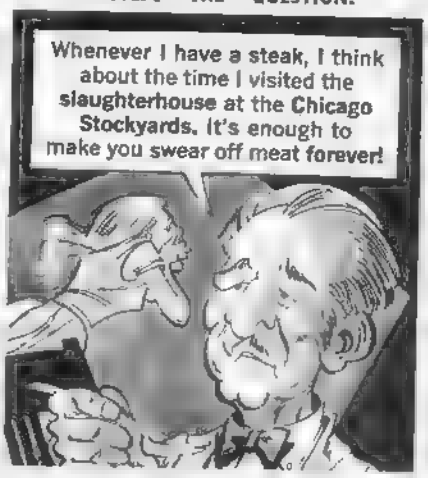
The well-mannered dinner guest is never obnoxious. He makes every effort to be gracious, considerate and charming, even if he is not enjoying his meal.

WHEN THE HOSTESS ASKS A LEADING QUESTION LIKE:



THE INCONSIDERATE GUEST REPLIES RUDELY LIKE THIS:

BUT THE CONSIDERATE GUEST SIDESTEPS THE QUESTION:



WHEN THE HOSTESS MAKES A KIND STATEMENT LIKE:

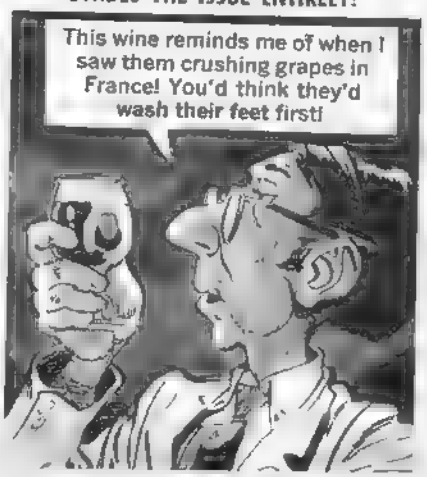
THE INCONSIDERATE GUEST RETORTS SNIDELY LIKE THIS:

BUT THE CONSIDERATE GUEST AVOIDS A DIRECT REPLY WITH:

WHEN THE HOSTESS SEEMS CONCERNED, AND SAYS:

THE INCONSIDERATE GUEST SNAPS BACK INSULTINGLY:

BUT THE CONSIDERATE GUEST EVADES THE ISSUE ENTIRELY:



THE USE OF SLANG IN CONVERSATION

When a word is vulgar, low-class or improper, it is better to use a refined substitute:

THE SOCIAL PLEASANTRIES IN CONVERSATION

It is always bad form to ask a personal question of someone you do not know well.

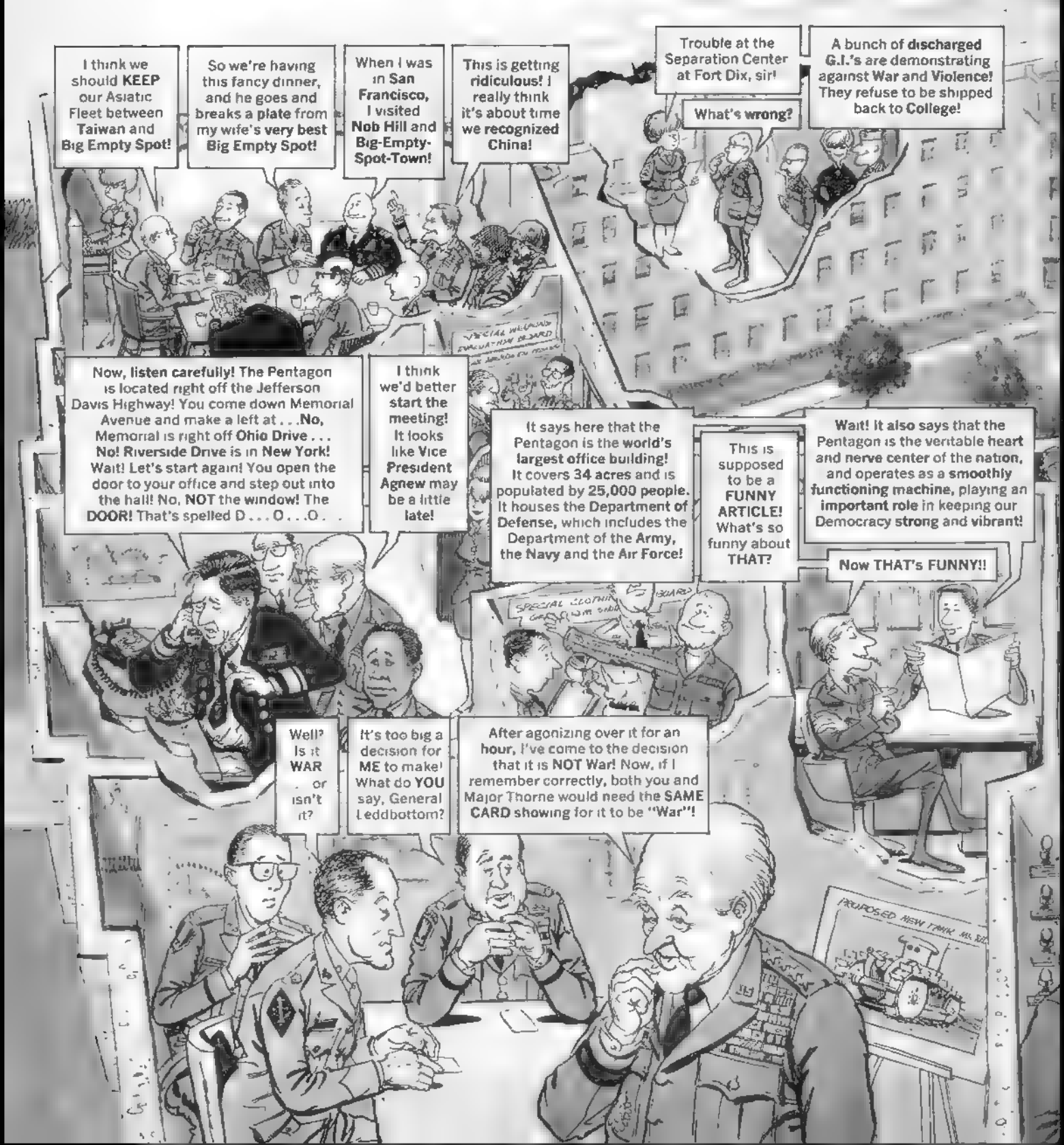
When a personal question backfires, try to get out of it by changing the subject.

When a person is viciously attacked by another, it is wise not to take sides

INSIDE-OUCH DEPT.

Hey, / Okay, / Hoo-hah, (*choose one*) here we go again, gang, / slobs, / clods, (*choose one*) with another of these / those / them (*choose*

A MAD PEEK BEHIND THE S



ne) ridiculous idiotic fershlugginer (*choose one*) "Inside Look" articles, namely mainly f'rinstance (*choose one*)

CENES: AT THE PENTAGON

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Major Furd! Regarding your **Memo To All Departments** . . . Quote: *I have betrayed my Country, and I plan to shoot myself like an Officer and a Gentleman*—End Quote . . . First of all, you only made **24** copies instead of the required **26!**

Secondly, I see no **separate Requisition in triplicate** to **Ordnance** for the **gun** and the **bullet!** Third, I'll need **written proof**—22 copies that you are a **Qualified Marksman!** Fourth . . .

Forget it! I'll LIVE!!

I say we stage a **two-pronged attack** on the **Isle of Sark** and **Monaco** as soon as we can get an **okay** from the **top!**

But what if Pres. Nixon says "No!"?

Then we go **over his head!**

But what if **John Wayne** says "No!"

I have no **objection** to you CIA boys playing Basketball in your spare time! But do you really think it was wise getting **Team Jackets?!**

Colonel John Stodge . . . for **meritorious typing** above and beyond the call of duty, I hereby present you with **The Distinguished Sitting Cross!**

I admit we don't see any **action** . . . but I think that this new Awards Presentation Procedure is **degrading!**

Listen, it could be **worse!** Thank heavens we're not decorated by **FRENCH Generals!**

I dunno! There are ten guys in **my department alone** who **wouldn't mind!**

Don't shoot! I'll tell! There are **312 Nuclear Missile Sites** in the U.S.A., the **latest** and most **secret** of which is situated behind the **Burro Ride** at **Disneyland!** The man in charge of **all Allied Espionage in Europe** is **Desmond Farquar,** who lives over a **candy store** across from **Notre Dame** in **Paris!** And the **top-secret number code for Massive Retaliation** is . .

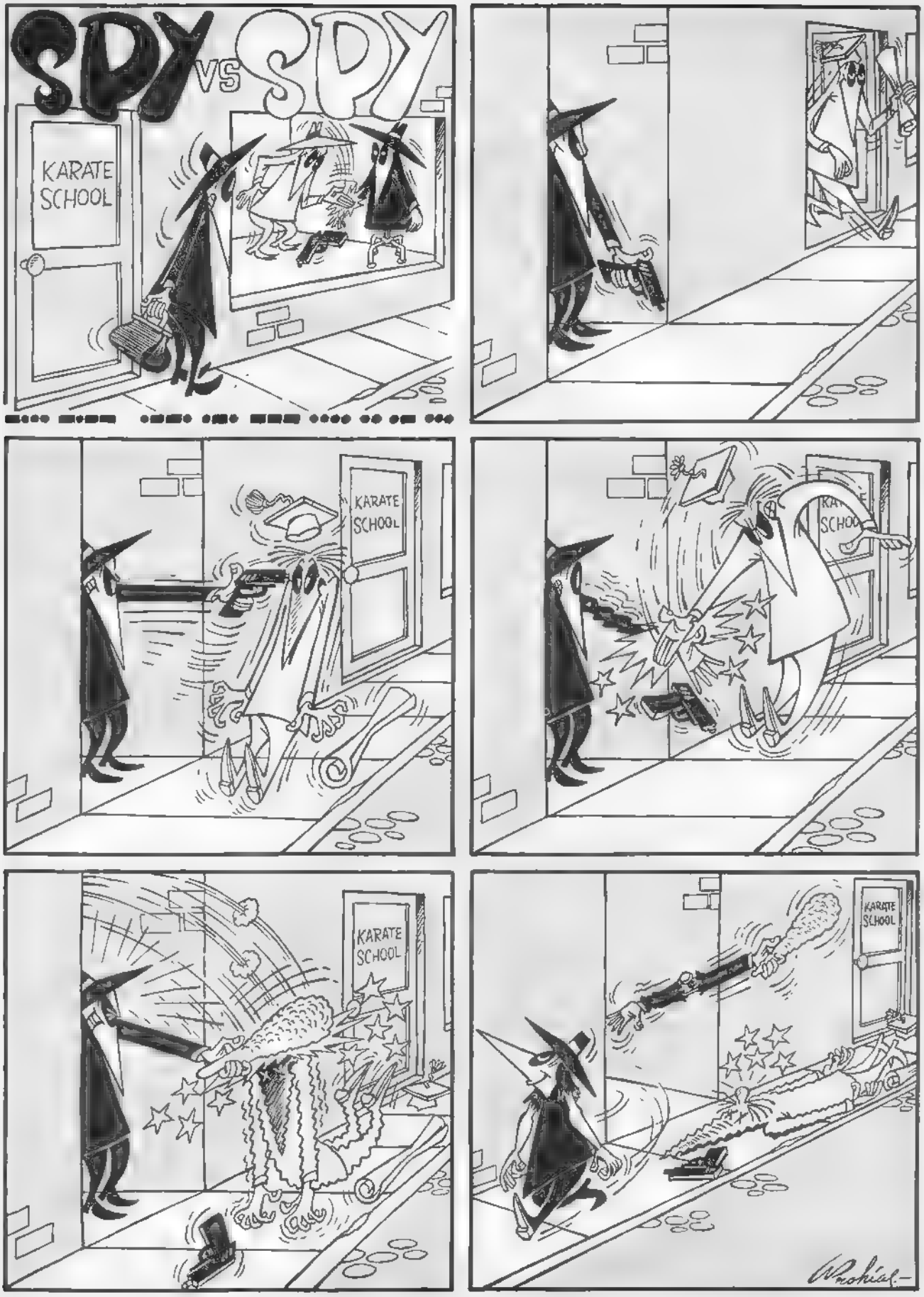
Don't you sometimes get the feeling that Benedict isn't quite right for the C.I.A.?

I'm sorry, Mr. Gouge, but we're **cancelling our contract** with you for those Bombers. Your new plane was knocked down by the Viet Cong after only **3 minutes in the air!**

But, General! **A lot** of planes are knocked down by the Viet Cong!

With SPEARS?!!

G. WOODBRIDGE

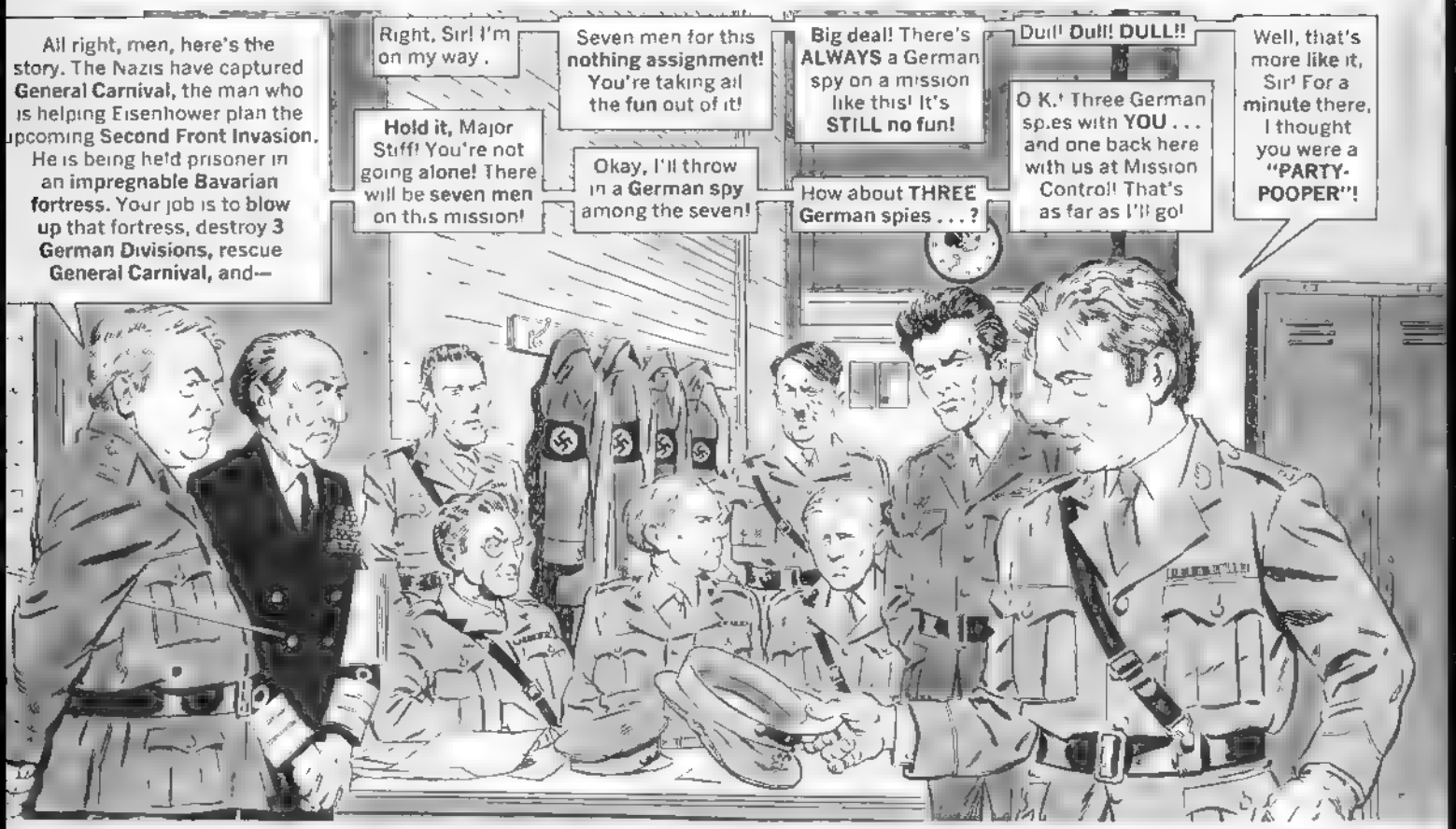

SPY vs SPY
KARATE SCHOOL
KARATE SCHOOL
KARATE SCHOOL
KARATE SCHOOL

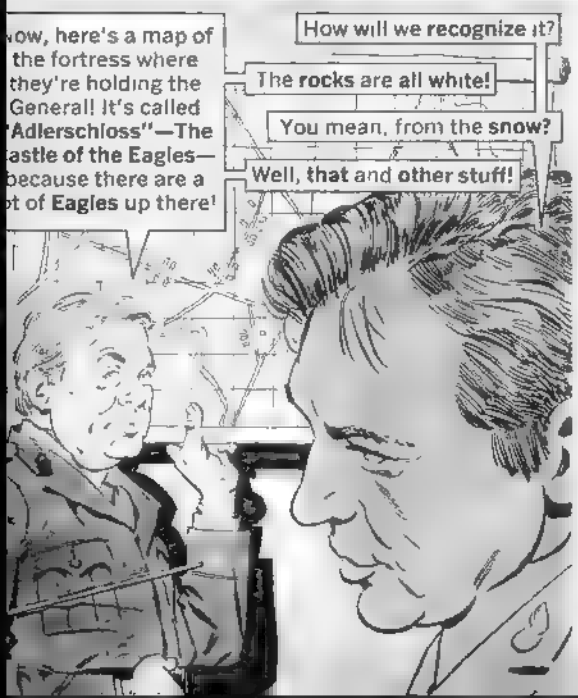
NAZI, NAZI, BANG-BANG DEPT.

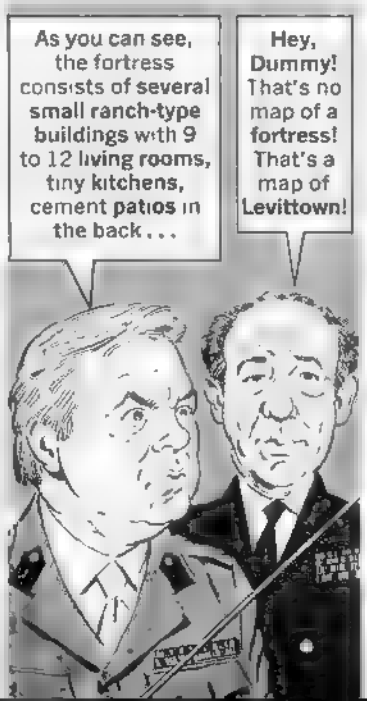
And now . . . here is MAD's version of that exciting World War II "war movie" that seems to have almost as much violence and murder in it as World War II actually had. In fact, this movie has so many dead bodies in it, it should have been called

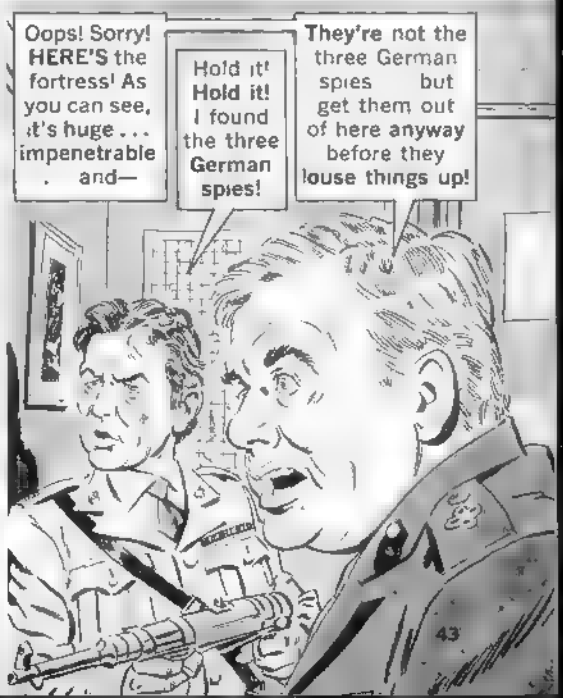
Where Vultures Fare

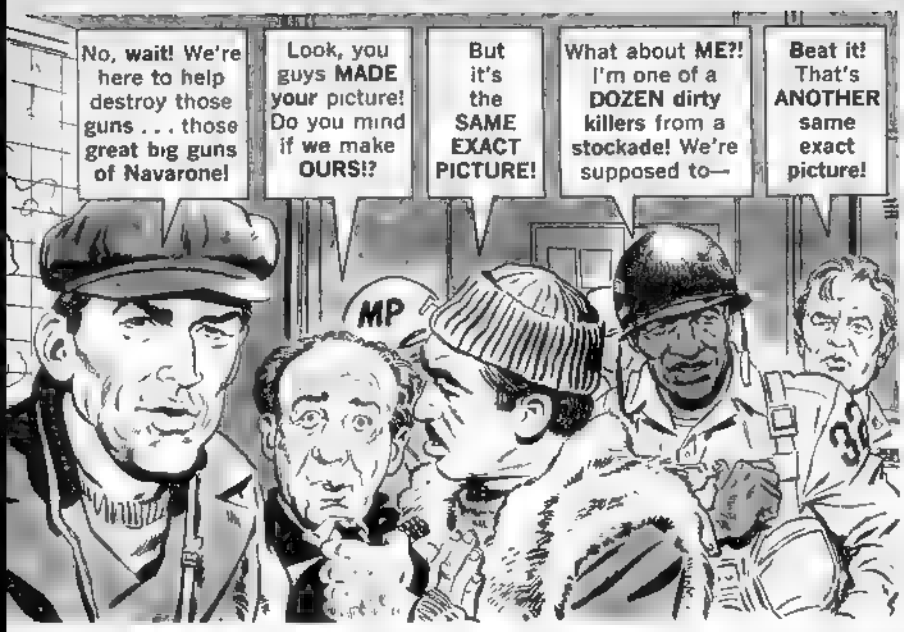
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL





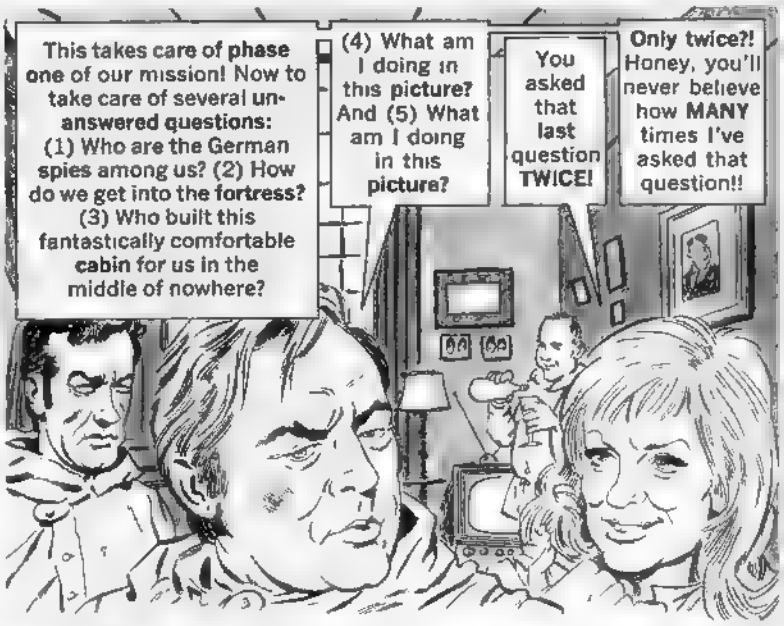


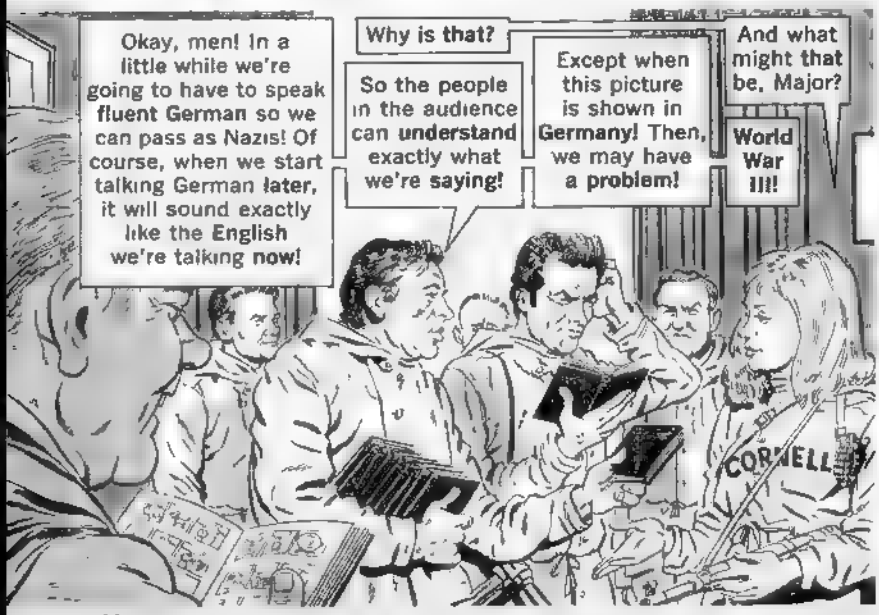


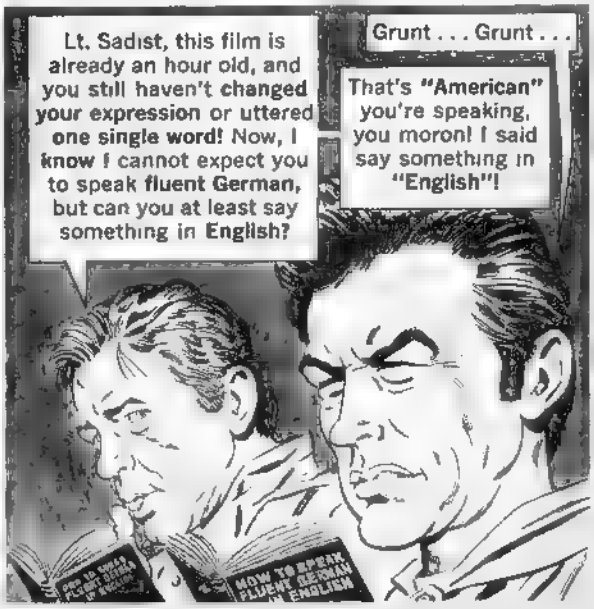

No, wait! We're here to help destroy those guns . . . those great big guns of Navarone!
Look, you guys MADE your picture! Do you mind if we make OURS!?
But it's the SAME EXACT PICTURE!
What about ME?! I'm one of a DOZEN dirty killers from a stockade! We're supposed to—
Beat it! That's ANOTHER same exact picture!
MP

Psst! There is one further complication to this mission! In addition to the three German spies among us, there is also a woman hidden aboard this plane!
Yeah? Well, if that's not the woman Major Stiff is kissing now, I see a still further complication!

Maj. Stiff! Look! He must be one of the three German spies among us! He just killed Sgt. Harold!
He's no German spy! He's some American clown who's been making too many bloody Italian Westerns!
Hey, Idiot! Just because he yelled "Geronimo" as he jumped from the plane doesn't make him an Indian!!

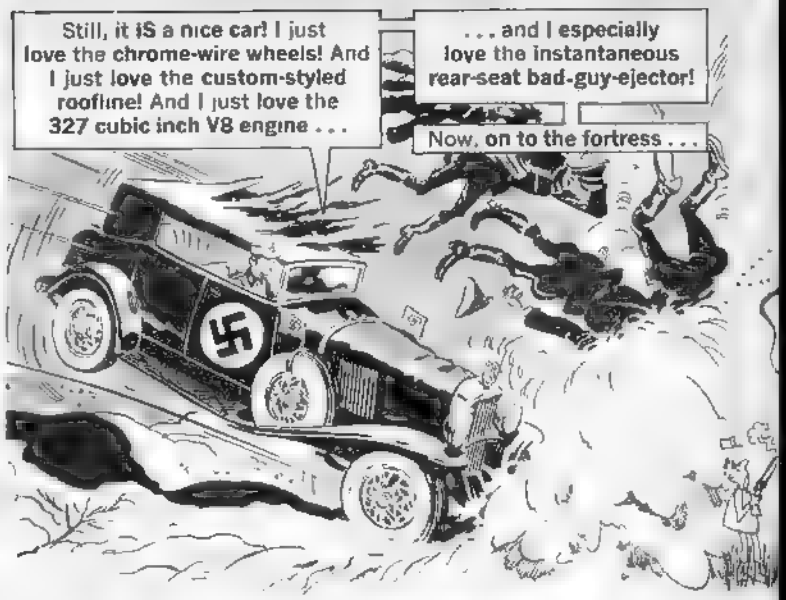

This takes care of phase one of our mission! Now to take care of several unanswered questions: (1) Who are the German spies among us? (2) How do we get into the fortress? (3) Who built this fantastically comfortable cabin for us in the middle of nowhere?
(4) What am I doing in this picture? And (5) What am I doing in this picture?
You asked that last question TWICE!
Only twice?! Honey, you'll never believe how MANY times I've asked that question!!

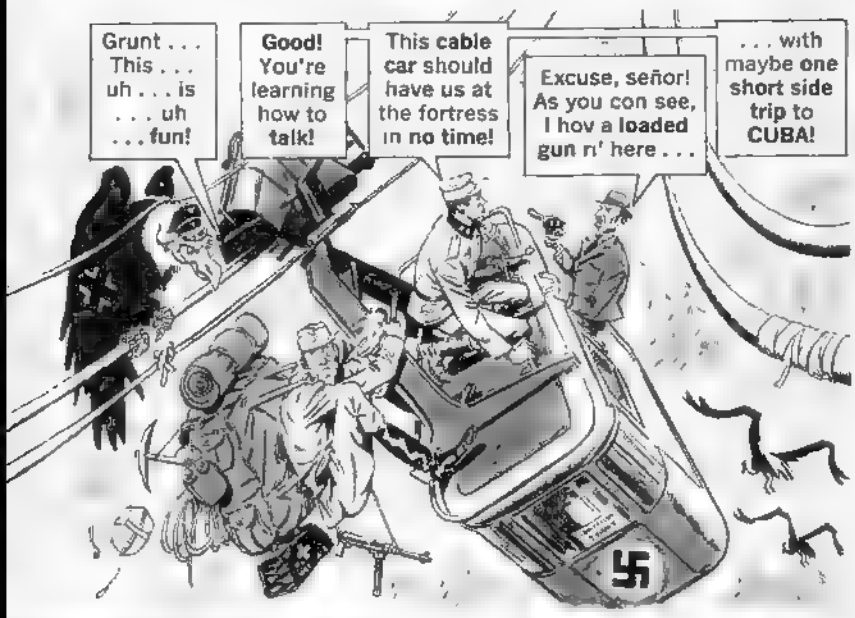

Okay, men! In a little while we're going to have to speak fluent German so we can pass as Nazis! Of course, when we start talking German later, it will sound exactly like the English we're talking now!
Why is that?
So the people in the audience can understand exactly what we're saying!
Except when this picture is shown in Germany! Then, we may have a problem!
And what might that be, Major?
World War III!
CORNELL


Lt. Sadist, this film is already an hour old, and you still haven't changed your expression or uttered one single word! Now, I know I cannot expect you to speak fluent German, but can you at least say something in English?
Grunt . . . Grunt . . .
That's "American" you're speaking, you moron! I said say something in "English"!
HOW TO SPEAK FLUENT GERMAN IN ENGLISH

May I ask a foolish question? I know this cabin came from out of nowhere and we'll just have to accept it—but where did these Nazi uniforms come from?
Remember the little Elves who came in the middle of the night to repair all those shoes for that poor old Bavarian shoemaker?
Yes, I remember the story!
Well, those Elves were also great knitters!
There it is . . . the Castle of the Eagles! Now, here's our plan: We go into town, mingle with the Germans, steal a cable car, take it up to the fortress, open the front door with the key, go inside and—
Hold it a minute! Key!? WHAT KEY?? Where are we going to get a key to that fortress?
Oh, didn't I tell you? The Elves are going to leave it under the mat for us!
All right men . . . here we are in town! Now, remember . . . speak in German!
Lt. Sadist, you just GRUNT in German!
'Allo, mein freund! Ach, ziss iss such a luffly night, no?
Yes, it certainly is a lovely night, my fellow soldier!
Psssst! Hey, Major! Shouldn't our guy be talking German?
He IS talking German! That's ENGLISH-German!
But the real German speaks ENGLISH with a German accent!
Because that's GERMAN-German!
But if we're all supposed to be speaking fluent German, shouldn't we be speaking GERMAN-German instead of English-German?
Oh, shut the $%&@#& up!
Gee, Major! What language was that?
ENGLISH-ENGLISH!!
Oh-oh! Here comes the Gestapo! We're in trouble!
Quick, Marie! Slip away, get a job in the fortress, and wait for us to join you there!
Get a job in the Fortress?! Look, I bought the "cabin bit", and the "Uniform bit", but how can I get a job in the fort—Wait! Don't tell me! I know! The Elves have this Domestic Employment Agency!
Svine! First ve torture you! Zen ve flog you! Zen ve gas you! Und zen ve put you in ze ovens!
Hold it! This is a MODERN World War II "war picture"! Nazi atrocities are OUT! Nazi stupidity is IN!
Of course! I did not mean ve vould torture and flog YOU! I meant zose Cherman SS Officers at ze next table! YOU, I chust vant to ask some quvestions about throwing British uniforms on a cabin floor!
At ze very verst, it might cost you a few marks for littering!

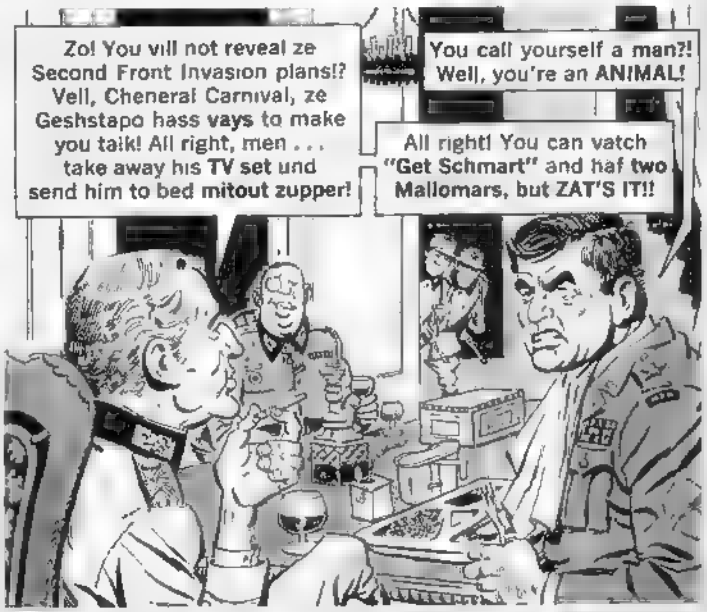
Slow down You are not signaling!
Vatch for ze light!
Keep to ze right!
Nag, nag, nag! Believe me, the next time I'm picked up by the Gestapo for questioning as a spy, I let THEM drive!


Still, it IS a nice car! I just love the chrome-wire wheels! And I just love the custom-styled roofline! And I just love the 327 cubic inch V8 engine . . .
. . . and I especially love the instantaneous rear-seat bad-guy-ejector!
Now, on to the fortress . . .


Grunt . . . This . . . uh . . . is . . . uh . . . fun!
Good! You're learning how to talk!
This cable car should have us at the fortress in no time!
Excuse, señor! As you con see, I hov a loaded gun ri' here . . .
. . . with maybe one short side trip to CUBA!

Hey! What is this? NO KEY!! Why, those dirty rotten fink Elves!
Rope! We . . . got . . . plenty rope! We got unlimited supply of rope! We got sixty million feet of rope!
SERVICE ENTRANCE
Say, you ARE learning to talk! Okay, Tarzan . . . I mean, Lt. Sadist! Start climbing . . .

There! Now to rescue General Carnival!
You must be mad to think you can pull off this insane mission!
Of course I'm mad! You've got to be a little mad to want to do this work!
Lucky for me I don't talk good! Otherwise, I'd be getting corny lines like those!


Zo! You vill not reveal ze Second Front Invasion plans!? Vell, Cheneral Carnival, ze Geshstapo hass vays to make you talk! All right, men . . . take away his TV set und send him to bed mitout zupper!
You call yourself a man?! Well, you're an ANIMAL!
All right! You can vatch "Get Schmart" and haf two Mallomars, but ZAT'S IT!!

Hold it! That man is not General Carnival! He's really an American Corporal posing as General Carnival! And those men are not really Nazi agents posing as British agents! They're really British agents posing as Nazi agents posing as British agents! Because this whole mission was really a trick to obtain a list of names of other Nazi agents posing as British agents!

However, I'm not really a British agent posing as a Nazi agent trying to get that list! I'm really a Nazi agent posing as a British agent posing as a Nazi agent, trying to protect the name of the top Nazi agent posing as a British agent!

Ah-hah! NOW I understand!

You DO? Will you explain it to me??

After that, explain it to ME . . . because I didn't understand a thing!!

Never mind! You're not supposed to understand! All you're supposed to do is shoot anything that moves! So . . . START SHOOTING!

Just think! We are all part of the greatest Annihilation Team in modern warfare! As I direct our fantastic escape, Lt. Sadist will kill every other living thing around!

What's my job on this great team?

You, Maria, can count corpses!

Oh, goody! 412 . . . 413 . . . 415 . . . 420 . . .

Please tell him to kill SLOWER! I don't take shorthand!

9,120 . . . 9,122 . . . 9,123 . . . 9,126 . . 9,129 . . .

Boy, where does he get his unlimited supply of ammunition?

And don't tell me, "Elves"!

That's exactly who it is!

And I suppose the Elves also supplied all that dynamite we used to blow up the fortress!?

And I suppose the Elves also arranged for this bus to be waiting for us when we got off the cable car!?

Well, I don't believe it! If there ARE Elves helping us, show them to me! Go ahead! Where are they?

They're lying back there on the road! I'm afraid Lt. Sadist just KILLED them all!

Well, so much for the mission! Now we fly back to England, and . . .

Hey! What's wrong with the plane!? We're going into a steep DIVE . . .

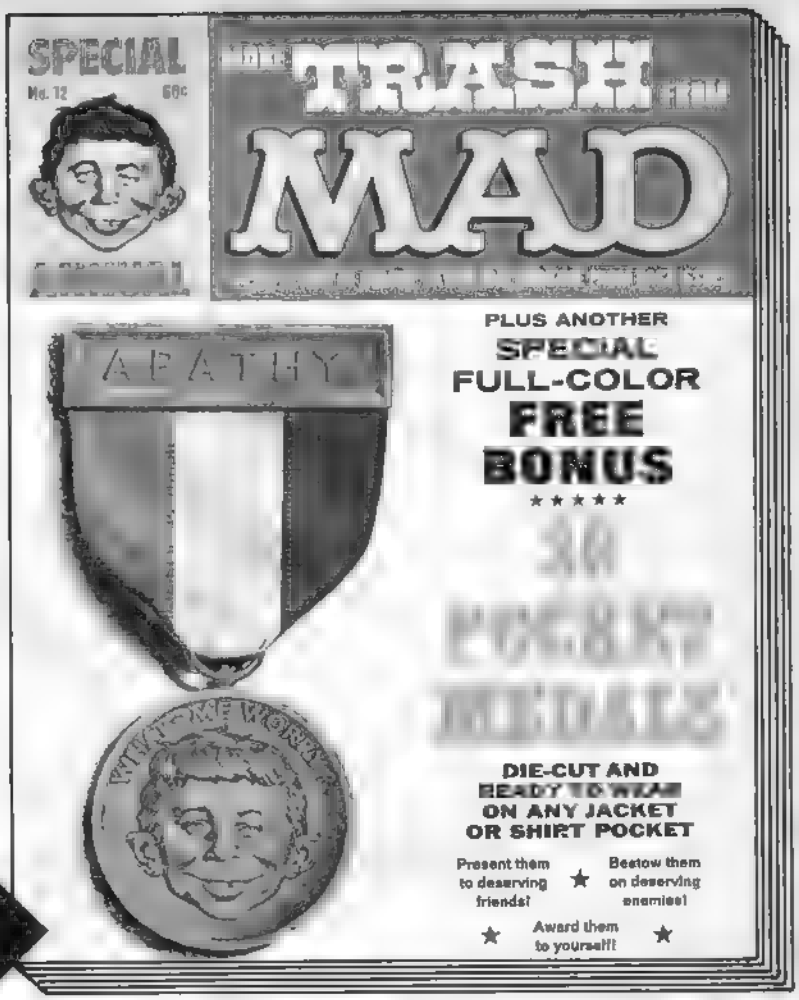
That crazy American's killed the pilot!

He just doesn't know when to STOP!!

AWARD TO THE WISE GUY!

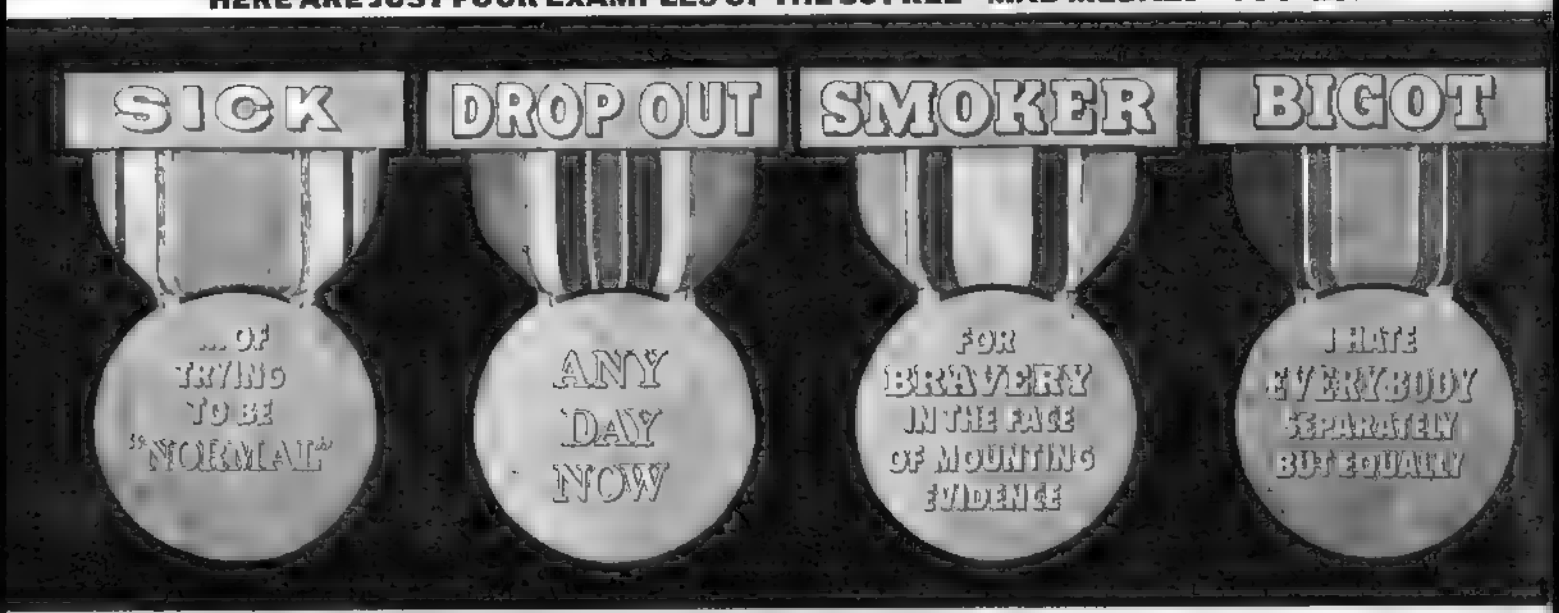
PIN A "MAD RAP" ON DESERVING FRIENDS, DESERVING ENEMIES, OR EVEN YOURSELF with

MAD POCKET MEDALS



YOU GET 36 OF THEM FREE AS THE SPECIAL FULL-COLOR DYE-CUT-AND-READY-TO-WEAR BONUS IN THIS LATEST "MAD ANNUAL" COLLECTION!

HERE ARE JUST FOUR EXAMPLES OF THE 36 FREE "MAD MEDALS" YOU GET...



...PLUS THE USUAL PILE OF ARTICLES, AD SATIRES AND OTHER GARBAGE IN

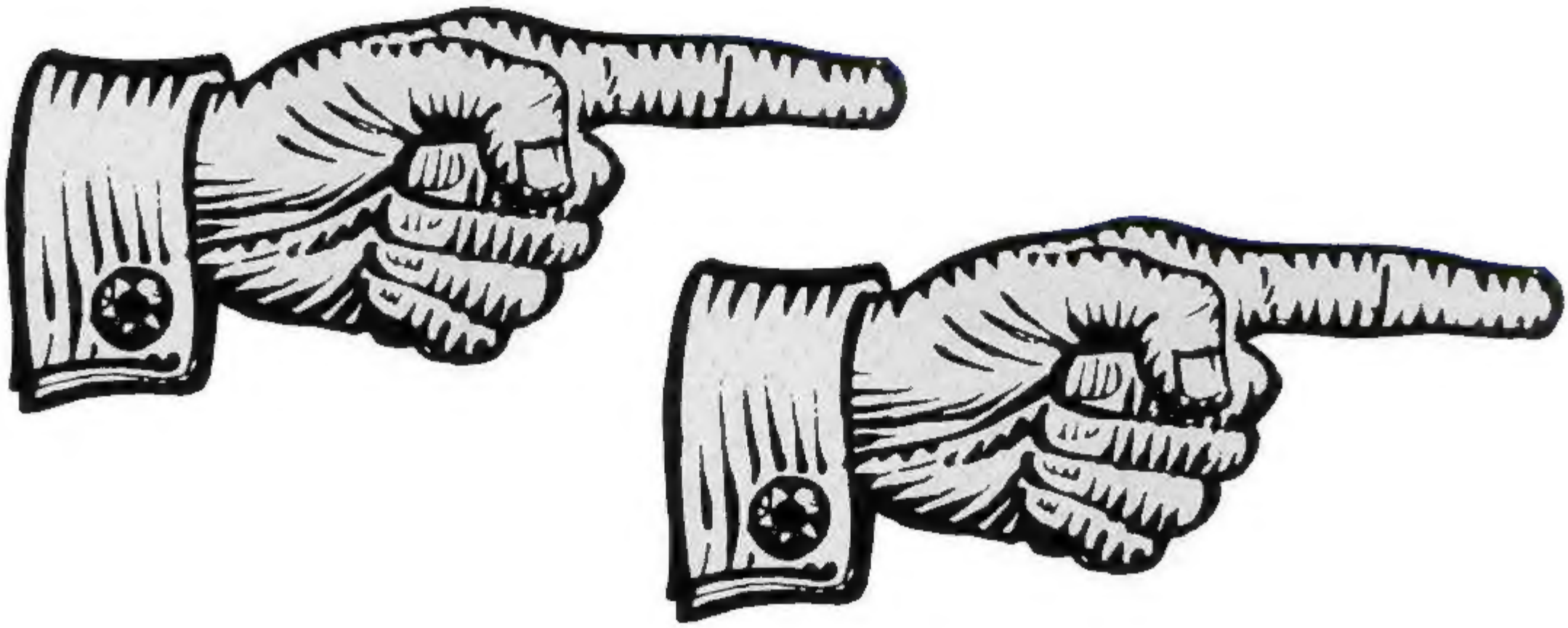
The Twelfth Annual Edition Of

MORE TRASH FROM MAD

ON SALE NOW AT MOST NEWSSTANDS (THE ONES RUN BY NICE GUYS!)

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR OUR GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Baseball has undergone some turbulent times lately. The future of "The Great American Game", however, is quite clear. To see what place the future holds for our No. 1 Sport, fold in page as shown

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

SECRETLY, EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT OUR "DIAMOND SPORT" HAS COMING, BUT IT'S SOMETHING PLAYERS AND OWNERS ARE VERY RELUCTANT TO FACE

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ▶ ◀ B

WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD FOR OUR GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

SECOND

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

PLACE

A ▶◀ B

I'm Fidel Castro, and this is my latest hijacked U. S. airliner!

(When you get 'em– flaunt 'em!)

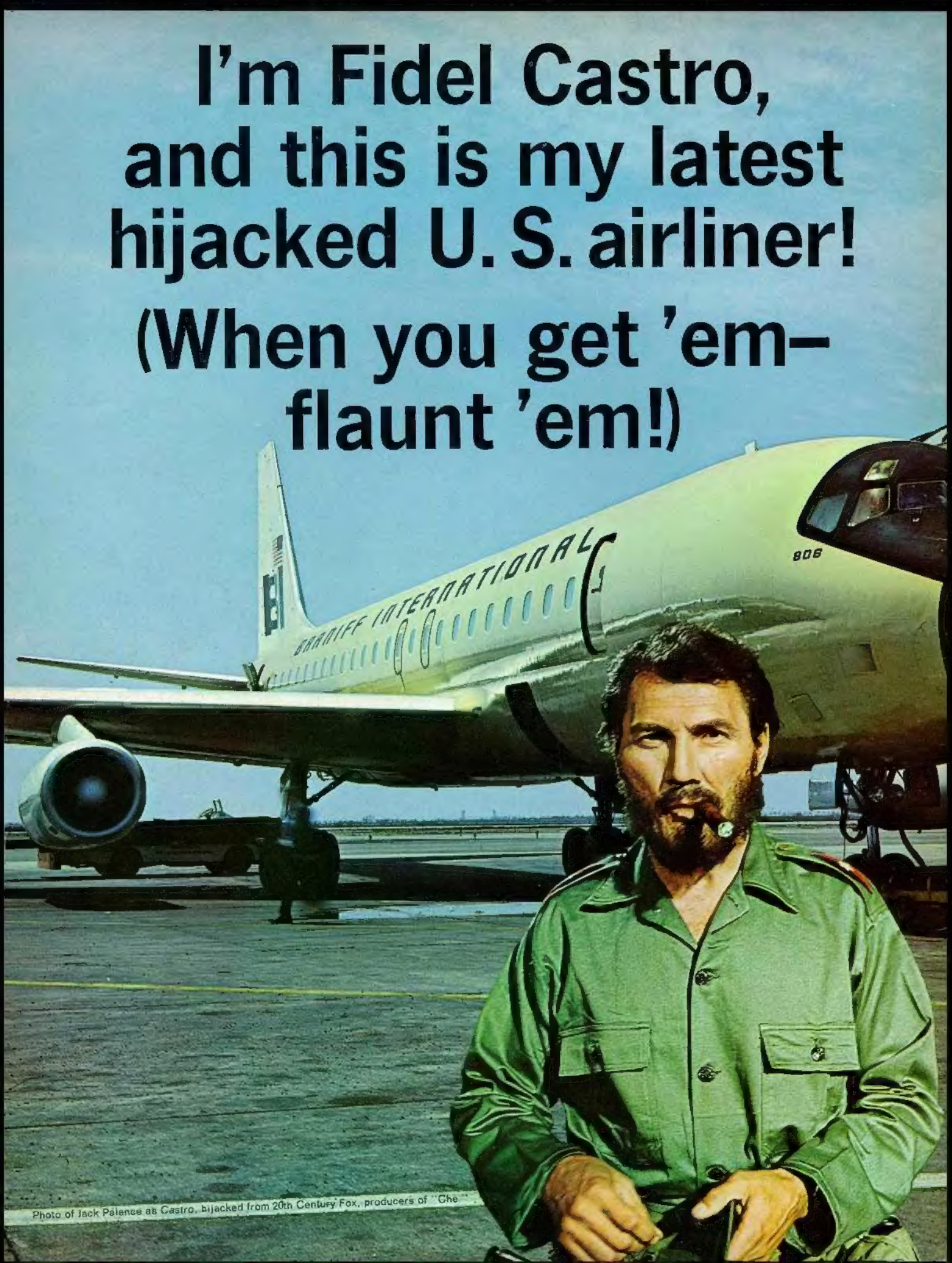


Photo of Jack Palance as Castro, hijacked from 20th Century Fox, producers of "Che"